

# TOMORROW



MARCH • 1949

35c

HIGHWAY TO THE TOP OF THE  
WORLD

*Leslie Roberts*

CHARLES A. BEARD: WAYWARD  
LIBERAL

*Peter R. Levin*

RELIGION AND THE NEW  
PSYCHOLOGY

*Alson J. Smith*

JOHN DOS PASSOS

*Irving Howe*

Fiction • Poetry • Reviews

*Beautiful houses—  
Beautifully illustrated by*

## **JAMES REYNOLDS**

*Reynolds' books are known everywhere for their beauty, their lavish illustrations, their informal wealth of information. His A World of Horses, his Ghosts in Irish Houses have charmed and delighted his book-collecting followers.*

# ANDREA PALLADIO

NOW, he has done an elegant prose and picture history of the Palladian movement in architecture. Palladio was the man who built some of the most beautiful, most gracious houses in the world. He can be called Colonial, Georgian, Greek Revival—all these styles are based on his principles. So Reynolds has done a complete study of his work, has pictured it with sketches, engravings, photographs and elevations, colored end-papers, and has made the sort of book Palladio himself would have loved. \$10.00 at your bookstore.



*Creative Age Press*

*11 East 44th St., N. Y. C. 17*

# T O M O R R O W

CONTENTS FOR MARCH 1949

EDITORIAL 3

## ARTICLES

- Highway to the Top of the World • Leslie Roberts 5  
Religion and the New Psychology • Alson J. Smith 10  
Return to New Guinea • Harry Roskolenko 20  
FitzGerald and Thackeray: A New View  
of a Victorian Friendship • Peter de Polnay 32  
Charles A. Beard: Wayward Liberal • Peter R. Levin 36  
John Dos Passos: The Loss of Passion • Irving Howe 54

Publisher and Editor-in-Chief  
EILEEN J. GARRETT

Managing Editor  
ALLAN ANGOFF

Associate Editors  
EILEEN COLY  
JACK O'BRIEN

Book Review Editor  
SAMUEL CUMMINGS

Assistant to the Editor-in-Chief  
LENORE DAVISON

Business Manager  
JEAN ANDOIRE

Treasurer  
LESTER E. BUCKLAND

Circulation and Advertising Manager  
WESLEY M. SMITH

VOLUME EIGHT • NUMBER SEVEN

TOMORROW is published monthly by Garrett Publications, Inc., 11 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y. Printed in the U.S.A. Editorial and advertising offices, 11 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Subscription rate: 12 issues, \$3.50 in U.S. and possessions and countries of the Pan-American Union; \$4.00 Canada; elsewhere \$4.50; two years \$6.00 U.S., single copies in the U. S. 35 cents. Vol. VIII, No. 7 for March, 1949. The cover and entire contents are copyright by Garrett Publications, Inc., 1949, and cannot be reproduced without written permission. Copyright under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under the Pan-American Copyright Convention. TOMORROW cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, nor can they be returned to sender unless accompanied by return postage. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.



65

## STORIES

- Eliza, My Lovely Bride • Dorothy Erskine 15  
The Tale of William Hurdt • Egon Hostovsky 25  
The Cage • William Glynne-Jones 41  
The Summer Sun Shining • Rearden Conner 44

## POEMS

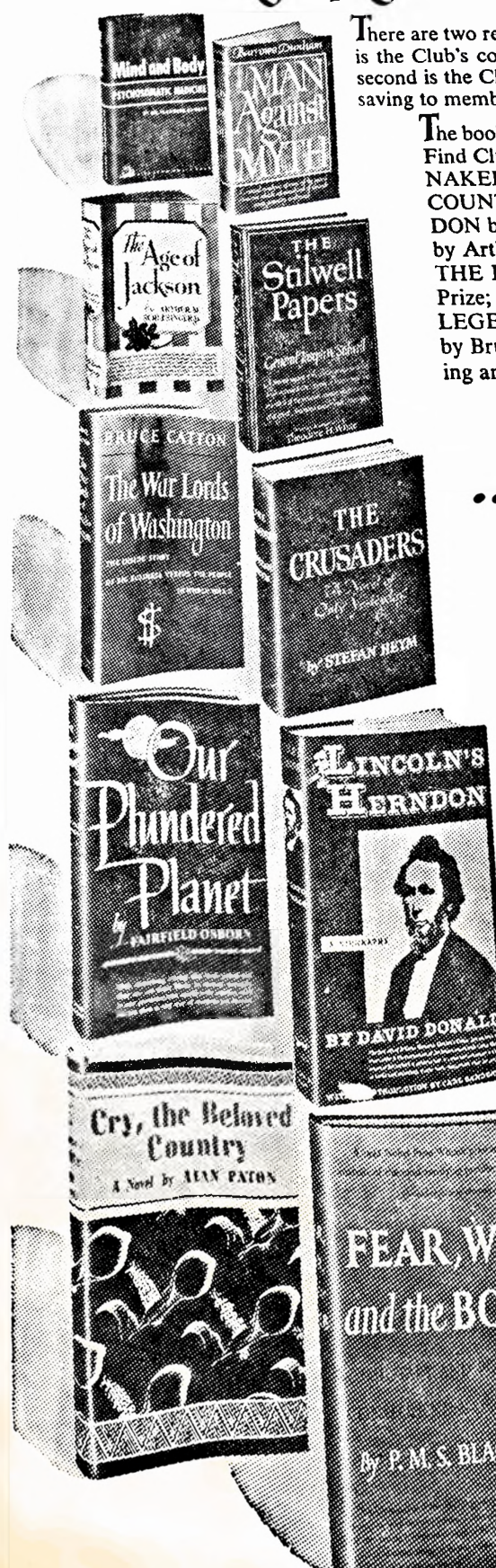
- City Morning • Frances Frost 9  
Madrigal • Hugo Manning 19  
The Waking Eye • Lord Dunsany 46  
Sonnet of the Flesh • Robert Resor 53

## DEPARTMENTS

- Nightlife and Daylight • Harold Clurman 47  
The Record Shelf • John Briggs 51  
Books 54  
My Favorite Forgotten Book • Richard B. Gehman 61



# Are you interested in good books..... EACH DISTINGUISHED IN ITS FIELD in Fiction - Biography - History - Science - The American Scene



There are two reasons why you should belong to the Book Find Club. The first is the Club's consistent record for selecting the outstanding new books. The second is the Club's special membership price of only \$1.65 a book, an average saving to members of more than 50 percent on their book purchases.

The books featured on this page are representative of the selections the Book Find Club distributes to its members. Whether you prefer novels like *THE NAKED AND THE DEAD* by Norman Mailer and *CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY* by Alan Paton; or biographies such as *LINCOLN'S HERNDON* by David Donald; or historical works like *THE AGE OF JACKSON* by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.; or scientific books like *FEAR, WAR AND THE BOMB* by P. M. S. Blackett, who was recently awarded the Nobel Prize; or books on the American Scene such as *A MASK FOR PRIVILEGE* by Carey McWilliams and *THE WAR LORDS OF WASHINGTON* by Bruce Catton—Book Find Club selections are always books worth reading and worth keeping for your permanent library.

## ...at Big Savings to You!

You can begin your membership in the Book Find Club now with any one of the distinguished selections pictured on this page. In addition, as a new member, you may choose a FREE enrollment book from among those listed in the coupon below. The publishers' list prices of these selections range from \$2.50 to \$5.00, but members pay only the special membership price of \$1.65 a book.

Membership is very simple. There are no fees or dues. You pay only for the books you accept and you may take as few as 4 a year. Each month the Club's literary magazine, "The Book Find News," is mailed to you free. It reviews the forthcoming selection and contains other articles of interest to book lovers. If you want the selection

you merely let it come. If you do not want it, you return the printed form (supplied by us) which tells us not to send the selection. Since it is almost certain that you read at least four Book Find Club selections during the year anyway, why not get them from the Club at the tremendous savings we are able to effect through large printings.

The Book Find Club, 401 Broadway, New York 13

Please enroll me as a member of the Book Find Club. I agree to purchase a minimum of 4 selections a year from the Club at the SPECIAL MEMBERSHIP PRICE OF ONLY \$1.65 A BOOK (plus 24c postage and handling). I may cancel my membership at any time after taking 4 selections.

Please send as my first selection.....

Also, send as my FREE enrollment book the title checked below:

- THE SKY IS RED by Giuseppe Berto
- PROUD DESTINY by Lion Feuchtwanger
- THE TIMES OF MELVILLE AND WHITMAN by Van Wyck Brooks
- A MASK FOR PRIVILEGE by Carey McWilliams
- THE WORLD WITHIN edited by Mary Louise Aswell
- CRITICS AND CRUSADERS by Charles A. Madison

Name..... (Please Print)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....  
(Prices slightly higher in Canada)

10-12

# THE BOOK FIND CLUB



# T O M O R R O W

VOL. VIII, NO. 7

MARCH 1949

"...EACH AGE IS A DREAM THAT IS DYING OR ONE THAT IS COMING TO BIRTH..."

## *Highway to the Top of the World*

LESLIE ROBERTS

ONE vital fact will always make the Mackenzie distinctive among the great rivers of America. Each of the others in its day, Mississippi, Missouri, the St. Lawrence, has been a highway over which men have opened new frontiers until, one by one, the frontiers disappeared and the rivers became the traveled paths of our busy inland commerce. Not so the Mackenzie.

When Alexander Mackenzie, the dour Scots trader from whom it takes its name first ventured out of Great Slave Lake in 1789 and turned north toward the Arctic Ocean, the river was already the road to trade and war between the Slaveys, who lived along its southern reaches, and the Hare Indians, whose lodges were built astride the Arctic Circle. But to the American interior's come-lately white masters, such few as had heard tell of it, it was a silver streak flowing north to Nowhere.

So it is to this day. Tens of millions of North Americans have seen and traveled the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence. Every Canadian and American schoolboy knows where to find the Hudson on the map. But not one per cent of one per cent of the continent's population have ever seen the great river that snakes through the heart of

the million square miles of tundra that are Canada's Northwest Territories and not many could lay an index finger on its sinuous ribbon in the atlas. When the barges laden with uranium concentrates, which placed in America's hands the most lethal weapon ever devised by man, moved south over its waters, midway through World War II, and when the Army of the United States thrust a pipeline from its banks through the mountains to Alaskan tidewater, the Mackenzie was still the highway of the frontier. So it will remain.

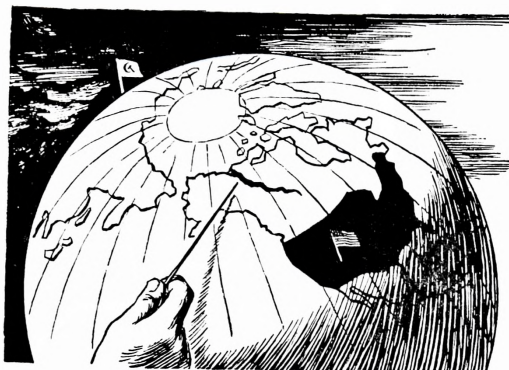
The Mackenzie of the end of the first half of the twentieth century is not the river its discoverer found toward the close of the eighteenth. It draws its water from the same sources, they join each other at the same pin points on the map, and they follow the same courses to the Arctic Sea, but there the resemblance ends.

During the interval it had been three rivers; first, the river of the Indian, concerned only with his own simple existence; second, the river of the fur traders, concerned principally with the profits of their traffic; third, the river of the prospector, the miner, the frontier buster, and the short-range airplane. The end of a world war in the middle

*LESLIE ROBERTS, whose writing interests are aviation and politics, was born in Wales and educated in Canada. A veteran of World War I, he has written for various Canadian newspapers, and has contributed to leading American, Canadian and British magazines. Mr. Roberts is the author of one novel, When the Gods Laugh, and two books dealing with Canada at war: Canada's War in the Air and Canada's War at Sea. Mr. Roberts' article forms a section of his latest work, The Mackenzie, which Rinehart and Company will publish this spring.*

1910's opened what may be called the era of the fourth Mackenzie, in which it became, not merely one of the great water systems of a continent, but in every sense of the term a world river.

The same statement could be made in another way. When Alexander Mackenzie found his river, it was a waterway of the flat, or Mercator, map, and it led to nowhere but the icefields of the polar seas. Beyond lay the great emptiness of the Far North. What the men of the air discovered, a century and a half later, was a river on the global map, the curved map, the true map of the world,



and they found it in a world they themselves had contracted in size in a ratio of, say, one to one hundred, or more.

When Mackenzie set out in his birch-bark canoe to find his river, forty days and forty nights were consumed in the voyage from Fort Chipewyan to the sea. Today's globe girdler passes through the Mackenzie corridor, across Alaska, and out over the Pacific in the brief span of a few hours.

The great hinterland of Canada's Northwest Territories sits in the dead center of the world's most populous area, which hangs suspended from the Pole in the Northern Hemisphere, where the great density of world population and the major part of its production is found between the 40th and 60th parallels of latitude. We are living, in short, in the age of the New Geography, and of that geography the Mackenzie and the airdromes of the Staging Route are a trunk highway, leading to the top of the world and on beyond to what men still call the Orient, simply because in order to reach it they once had to travel eastward.

At the beginning of World War II, Moscow was a city which, in the mind of the individual North American, lay somewhere east of New York or Montreal, across the Atlantic and over on the other side of France and Germany. Four years later Moscow had "moved" and lay in the reverse direction. Moscow, in 1944, was reached by flying northwest across Canada, through Edmonton, over the Peace, up the Staging Route, through Alaska, and across Bering Strait into Siberia, a highway over which more than six thousand planes flew to stem the German tide at

Stalingrad. China and Japan are no longer places on a map on the far side of thousands of miles of water, but parts of a shrunken world reached by flying the big curve northwest and down the corresponding bend on the far side. Although men still talk, from habit, of Western and Eastern Hemispheres, they are no longer the vital zones. Those were the hemispheres of the Sea Age, when men dug canals through isthmuses or sailed thousands of miles, creeping around the tips of continents to reach their destinations on the other side of the world. Today and tomorrow's hemispheres are the Northern and the Southern, and into the former are packed most of the world's productive people and their means of production. The heartland of the Air Age, in fine, is not in the east or the west, as those terms are generally used, but in the north.

Thus the Mackenzie is the western main road of the Air Age leading out from the world's greatest productive area, the United States and, in lesser degree, its neighbor, Canada. But if it is the way out, it is also the way in; and in an uneasy world, which still has not learned that wars must cease as an instrument of policy between groups of people if man himself is to survive, the cold fact that the Mackenzie country is the way *into* North America as well as out of it is a factor which gives men living on that continent pause for urgent thought.

If and when the North American continent should be attacked by a Pacific power again, that attack will be launched through the Mackenzie Valley, or the country that surrounds it if it should come through the air in the form of guided missiles. If it should be an attempt to land armed forces on the ground, then the landing will be made at coastal points in the far northern wilderness, with a view to driving into the flatlands of the Mackenzie country to establish beachheads from which missiles can be launched.

Admittedly points of view on such statements as those made in the preceding paragraph are not held unanimously, but they, or reasonable facsimiles, have been expressed by members of the American, British, and Canadian General Staffs on the highest levels and are matters, therefore, for most serious consideration.

**W**HAT is said here is not written to fit these special circumstances, however, but to make the point, first, that if at any time in the future the North American nations should go to war, no matter with whom, the Far North is this continent's soft underbelly. If North America were to come to mutually satisfactory terms with Russia, the need to defend the arctic would not disappear. It will never disappear so long as aggression remains possible. The threat could come, for example, from a recovered Japan, which is within the realm of foreseeable possibility, in the light of the quaint belief that the Japanese can be democratized and made peace-loving under the prototypes of the men who were responsible for Pearl Harbor. Not long ago the United Nations were reported to be investi-



gating a charge that ranking Nazi nuclear scientists, who had escaped to Spain before the debacle, were carrying on their work in Bilbao, with uranium ores made available from the deposits in the Iberian Peninsula. Other German scientists were known to be in the Argentine and what they may have been up to since they arrived there, no one on the North American continent seems to know at the time this is written. You may be sure, however, that so long as a remnant of the aggressive mind or the spirit of revenge remains, anywhere in the world, North America will be under potential threat and the arctic and subarctic will be its soft underbelly.

Traditionally, North Americans are not defense-minded. If they are in that mood today, because of the news they read and the broadcasts they hear, removal of the immediate underlying reason undoubtedly would change millions of minds overnight. Even in the circumstances that now exist, the average North American still refuses to regard the Far North as the possible scene of invasion, but, as always, turns his eyes to Europe, to the Middle East, to almost anywhere but the soil of his own continent, always to places on the old, flat map, never to the global charts of the Air Age.

Where, people ask, is an invader going to land in this vast wilderness? The answer is simple. Where did he land before? He landed in the Aleutians, and if the Japanese had sent their major thrust north toward the American coast instead of south, there is no telling what might have happened. As it was, the enemy made effective landings, of which little was heard at the time, either in the continental United States or in Canada, presumably because the governments in Washington and Ottawa did not deem it advisable to let the inland population know what was afoot. Even after the Japanese invasion—and invasion it was—had been successfully repelled, the business was dismissed by the military as if what had happened had been a minor skirmish. It was nothing of the sort. It was a direct threat to continental integrity and it was beaten back because overland communications, which enabled the United States and Canada to throw enough troops and material into the region to sustain a defense and finally to throw the Japanese out, were quickly established. America was extremely fortunate in the Far North last time. There is no guarantee that such luck would hold good again.

By the end of World War II, Canada and therefore the United States, since the Dominion is Uncle Sam's main line of defense, have lagged far behind their arctic neighbor, the Soviet Union, in subzero military know-how. The defense combination to which the job has always been entrusted, geography and climate, has been relegated to oblivion by the long-range airplane, by the rocket, and by atomic fission. What North America needs is a completely new concept and technique of defense. The Soviet Union, the only other arctic power, already has such a concept and the know-how to go with it. North America is starting from scratch.

The machinery has been set up in a Joint Defense Board, which is primarily consultative, but which nevertheless moves sharply. The relationship it creates is necessarily delicate, however. Only slightly more than twelve million Canadians occupy a country larger in area than the continental United States. Against any major aggressor they obviously could not defend their own soil. Moreover, any attack launched into the underbelly, though it must go either through or over Canada, would have as its objective the great industrial output of the United States. That is the target anybody who may go to war with the U.S.A. in future is going to attempt to knock out, for that is where World War II was won. Hence the first line of defense of the Republic against attack upon itself is on the soil of another, but friendly, power. And the last people on earth to expect the United States to line its army up south of the 45th parallel of latitude and await the coming of the invader would be the Canadians, if only because by that time they would have been annihilated themselves.

Another factor needs to be noted, however, and that is that the agreement between Canada and the United States is specifically for defense. The arrangement into which the two countries have entered involves either one coming to the help of the other in the event that one of them is attacked from without. It has its roots in a declaration made by the late President Roosevelt in a speech to Canada's Queen's University shortly before the Dominion went to war in 1939, in which the president declared that in the



event of attack upon Canada the United States would come to her aid. That promise was confirmed a few days after Canada's declaration of war against the Third Reich in a mutual defense agreement, in which the two nations solemnly pledged themselves to assist each other in the event of attack. What needs to be noted, however, is that neither undertook to go to war *unless its neighbor should be actually attacked*, in proof of which is the fact that Canada was at war with Germany from September 1939, when the original agreement was made, whereas the United States did not become involved until two years and three

months later, and for no reason having directly to do with Canada.

This is said to bring the question of arctic defense into focus. A declaration of war by the United States on any other power does not commit Canada to participation nor require Canada to provide the United States with a jumping-off place for attack until such time as the United States itself is attacked. There has been a great deal of misunderstanding of this on both sides of the border. But it is the essence of the contract, although it is difficult to imagine how Canada could prevent the Army and Air Force of the United States making use of Canadian soil for such purpose if the United States were determined to do so, or, to be realistic, withhold from any conflagration in which the United States was a participant. The very fact that Canada has permitted the United States to establish bases in northern Canada for defense purposes would obviously make it extremely difficult to persuade the Americans to go home, simply because the condition of attack on North America had not been met. Canada would nevertheless be within her rights under the agreement should she try to maintain an uneasy peace, and it would be uneasy in the extreme, until the conditions of the contract had been fulfilled by enemy action.

THE purpose here, however, is not to debate the merits of the Joint Defense Agreement, but simply to set forth what it involves, before examining the vulnerability of the arctic as a whole and the Mackenzie Valley and its tributary area in particular. Is this vast empty empire defensible?

For answers to such questions it is necessary to rely on the word of the experts, and the experts are not saying much, for obvious reasons. It is clear, however, that the country is not defensible by the deployment of huge armies in a new Maginot Line dug into arctic ice and bristling with guns to repel an invader trying to force his way up the valley and south to the American border. No military man thinks in such terms, but a great many people do and it is a concept which has no relationship of any kind with the facts.

If the arctic and subarctic are to be defended by forces on the ground, they must be highly mobile forces, capable of being whisked posthaste to the point at which an attack develops. Troops stationed on the coast itself would be used to repel actual invasion from the sea. But nobody believes that is how an attack would come, although it must be provided for. Even attack for purposes of occupation would undoubtedly come by air, via parachute or glider landings, for which the obvious counterattack would itself be from the air. Thus the essence of defense in the northwest is aerial, and it is to provision of superior defenses that the United States and Canada are primarily committed as partners in the north.

The region is also the obvious base for another form of defense. It could be called defense by interception and,

again, it is aerial; its purpose being to join issue with aircraft attempting to break through to the industrial centers of the United States for the purpose of laying them waste. In this bracket, too, comes defense, again primarily by air, against the guided missile, a technique developed magnificently by the Royal Air Force, particularly



considering the haste that had to be employed, in worsting the attacks on Britain with the robot bomb. In what degree this might be successful in the future, the writer does not profess to know, simply because neither he nor anyone else can tell what tomorrow's aerial weapons of attack will be.

Obviously, then, Alaska and the Canadian Northwest are the first line of North American defense, a defense requiring the utmost mobility, widely deployed, and therefore, in large degree confined to the air. Military activities on the ground, such as Exercise Muskox, which was primarily a test of military vehicles under winter arctic conditions, do not tend to lead the soldiers to any greater use of ground transport than is required by immediate circumstances, excepting in such sections as have been equipped with highways. Cross-country tests have proved painstakingly slow.

But what of the country itself in respect to those things by which man lives, not by which he seeks his own destruction? Will great cities rise in the subarctic north, great industrial centers comparable to those where minerals have been produced in the south? (And when you speak from the region of the Mackenzie, "south" means Michigan, or Ontario, or Wisconsin, not Georgia or Tennessee.) The answer must be qualified, but there are clues to the future in events which have happened already. When Gilbert LaBine, the Canadian prospector who discovered the pitchblende mine in the Northwest Territory, was on the point of bringing Eldorado to production at Great Bear Lake, he did not establish the full processing plant required at the site of his ore, but only that needed for the first stage of concentration to reduce raw rock, at a rough estimate, 1,000 to 1. To have gone beyond that point would have entailed not merely bringing into the interior everything required in the middle and final stages of refinement to produce either radium or uranium salts or, later, the material that releases U-235. It would



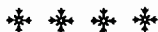
have entailed, as well, carrying into the country far greater quantities of materials, ranging from chemicals to foods, to support a doubled or trebled staff. Obviously, then, it was cheaper to carry concentrate from the Arctic Circle to a point in the east, handy to these supplies, than to assemble supplies in the east and carry them to the arctic. Which is precisely what LaBine did. Later, when Canada established its own headquarters for atomic research and production, it placed them in the east, on the free-flowing lines of communication provided by railways and trunk roads.

In the production of gold, however, which down to here remains the principal mineral product of the Northwest country, circumstances differ. Gold is most economically refined at the place where it is mined, because, excepting particularly complex ores, the final product, bullion, is obtained without the use of huge quantities of chemicals and with the services of fewer people than are occupied in getting rock out of the ground. All mines brought to the production stage carry out the complete milling and refining process at the minesite, shipping out their gold bricks by air to the mint at Ottawa.

Because of the high costs of operation at points several hundred miles from the nearest railway, in country without roads, it is impossible to produce minerals profitably from low-grade ores. Hence, the search, speaking generally, has always been for ore bodies rich in mineralization. This leads, of necessity, to the kind of mining the miners themselves would describe as "picking the eyes out of the country." In the area north of Great Slave Lake, where the greatest activity has been and is, however, mineralization tends to be rich, and in some cases extremely rich. Thus, in a country in which potential mining fields are measured in terms of hundreds of square miles, the problem of robbing the richest ground is not likely to occur for decades, if not centuries, to come.

In recent years, particularly since the end of World War II, Canada tends to pursue a much more aggressive policy than was the case in the past in respect to development of its northwestern empire. Throughout the early years of exploration by air, little, if any, encouragement was given to the mine developer, the prospector, or the operator of an airline. Politically-minded men who did not know the north regarded the search for minerals in the arctic wastes as a foolhardy project which could end only in disaster for those so foolish as to squander their capital. That outlook did not change greatly until the war years, when the necessities of defense sent into the country men who had no previous knowledge of the hinterland and who came out extolling its possibilities. Now Canada's government begins to realize that in its frigid back yard lies what may be the richest supply of untapped mineral resources in the world. Canada, therefore, is beginning, at last, to give aid to those who seek those riches, by providing greater facilities for communication and transportation, by utilizing estimates of eminent geologists as to where to look for minerals, and by establishing lower costs for getting the necessities of mining and of life into the country. The empire of the Mackenzie stands on the threshold of the most tremendous development in the history of the country. The result will not be one or more big cities, but many small communities grouped about the mines.

That development will mean the end of the fur trade in the regions where it is still carried on, for when people move in the wild animal life moves on, and with it the trader in fur. The revolution that the nineteenth-century fur barons resisted with such doughty, and often ill-judged, vigor has happened. The river of fur has become the river of gold, drawn down from its tributary waters. The river that once flowed to Nowhere has become the Highway to the Top of the World.



FRANCES FROST

### CITY MORNING

DAWN with a smoky thumb  
smudged dark brick into blue,  
brought purple out of night,  
and pushed high blackness through

in chimney pots. The air  
deepened into day.  
Dawn sank her stars and said:  
*Now go your troubled way.*

# Religion and the New Psychology

ALSON J. SMITH

WHEN the French philosopher Ernest Renan left the Roman Catholic Church, he commented sadly that "the magic circle that makes all of life worthwhile is broken."

The breakdown of faith is a commonplace of our day. The magic circle has been broken for millions, and our mounting statistics on alcoholism, divorce and neurosis are eloquent testimony to the dichotomy wrought in the human soul by its fracture.

There are two principal, and related, reasons for the breaking of that circle which gave all of life beauty, unity and meaning in the thirteenth century and which for our own fathers made the universe "home" in a sense that it never was for us. Firstly, the corrosive acids of a materialistic science ate away at the doctrinal bases of the circle's precious metal; the physical scientists and the behavioristic psychologists concentrated their microscopes on ganglia and nerve ends and scoffed out of consideration any manifestation of the human personality that did not have any obvious physical cause. They gave us a new conception of man as the sum total of his body chemistry, nothing more, and that worth something like 98 cents at the current quotation for calcium, iron, mercury, etc. The human child, whom Wordsworth had lyricized as "trailing clouds of glory," became metamorphosed into the Freudian brat, immersed in anal eroticism and plotting the death of its mother as vengeance for expulsion from the womb. And at the same time that science was debasing man to the physical level, the technological progress which science had made possible was making the physical level of life tremendously attractive. What Sorokin of Harvard has termed our "sensate culture" came into full flower, and gadgetry replaced Christianity as the real religion of western man.

Secondly, this breakdown in the outer authority of the church was reflected in a breakdown of its inner authority. When the church's doctrinal profession was attacked and ridiculed, the church did not stop professing, but it *did* stop practicing. It continued to teach and preach the

supremacy of the spiritual, but it ceased to *practice* it, and through this lesion between profession and practice the church's moral authority dripped slowly away. To borrow an expression from the race track, no longer did the ecclesia "put its money where its mouth was": that is, no longer did the church back up its insistence on the primacy of the spirit with any kind of actual living as though the spiritual really *were* of primary concern. The church laid down the sword of the spirit and took up the sword of the flesh, with tragic consequences. A stricken world which had seen the Servant of the Servants of God bless the guns of two world wars could only smile cynically when the sermon text for the day was Jesus' rebuke to Peter: "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

The lesion ran deep into the membership of the church. Thomas Sugrue, in his poignant autobiography *Stranger in the Earth*, shows us the sickening impact of the practical atheism of professedly Christian parents and friends on a sensitive child:

"I believed all this, all of it, and I believed that everyone else did, and that all people loved God and were trying to keep His commandments and be perfect. Then one day as I absently listened to the conversation of a group of adults I realized that this was not so. They did not believe what Jesus said, or what the priest said, or what they themselves said when they spoke with me. They only pretended to believe it. . . . Virtue was all right for me, apparently, but not for them. They never said: 'If only I could be good, be perfect, feel the presence of the Lord.' They said: 'If only I had money, a big house, and one of those new automobiles.'"

Yes. And for millions in our day, as a consequence, the words of Aristophanes are true: "Whirl is king, having driven out Zeus!"

So much for the recent past, for the diagnosis. Today there are heartening signs that the magic circle is being mended. And oddly enough, it is out of the same two laboratories where the animalization of man was affirmed

ALSON J. SMITH'S most recent contribution to TOMORROW, "Thomas Wolfe's Quest," a study of the novelist's search for religion, appeared in May 1948. Mr. Smith is the pastor of Roxbury Methodist Church in Stamford, Connecticut, and is editor of the Social Questions Bulletin of the Methodist Federation for Social Action. He is the author of *Brother Van*, a biography of William Wesley Van Orsdel, the colorful preacher of the Pioneer West, which was published last year. His articles on religion, history, and sociology have appeared frequently in the leading monthly and weekly magazines.



that the mending is beginning—the laboratories of physical science and of psychology. The physical scientists, through their discovery of the principle of atomic fission, have demonstrated to all the world—and to themselves—the impermanence of the material. The atom-hunters have literally hounded the physical universe out of being; they have tracked the elusive fox, matter, to its hole and have discovered at the end of the trail only the hole.

And at just the moment in history when the atomic scientists have made the physical universe disappear, the psychology laboratories have produced new and startling evidence of the reality and vitality of the spiritual world! At institutions like Duke University, City College of New York and Harvard in the United States, and the Universities of London, Cambridge, Groningen and Bonn in Europe, the swaddling science of “parapsychology” (study of phenomena beyond explanation by psychology) has produced well-nigh unimpeachable evidence for the existence of such powers of the mind as clairvoyance, telepathy, psychokinesis and precognition, and has grouped all of these phenomena together under the impressive title of “extrasensory perception.”

The men at work in the field of parapsychology are not quacks or long-hairs or slightly off-base, scientific ne'er-do-wells. They are sober psychologists in good standing in their professional groups, and no one could talk with men like Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University or Dr. Gardner Murphy of the City College of New York without being acutely aware of the fact that he is in the presence of exceedingly matter-of-fact technicians who are convinced of the reality of E.S.P. (extrasensory perception) not because they have felt it subjectively or been impressed by the stories of alleged fortunetellers and other “psychics” but because they have seen it experimentally proved in hundreds of thousands of tests under rigid laboratory conditions. They are realistic. When Dr. Murphy expresses his own calm certainty about the existence of telepathy, he smilingly adds: “But I don't think it is going to put the Western Union Telegraph Company out of business tomorrow.”

ALMOST everybody, at some time or another, has either had or heard of experiences that have no logical sensory explanation: the letters that cross in the mail, the premonitory dream that turns out to be true, the friend who calls you on the telephone just as you are about to dial his number, the identical sentences that two people utter at the same moment, the strange “hunch.” These, plus the weird stories of the occult that come to us out of the past, the predictions of the fortunetellers and prophets, the mediums, seers and oracles—all these are the necessary folklore that must precede the scientific formulation, just as astrology preceded astronomy and superstition preceded religion. For ages this folklore has been piling up, and only today has this whole significant body of literature and experience entered into the pre-

liminary, prescientific stage of identification, correlation and laboratory experimentation.

A part of this folklore, and yet apart from it because of the undeniable authority of the experience itself and the integrity of the individuals involved, are such instances as these:

A well-known British medium, whose extensive writings on the subject are highly regarded in both Europe and America, recently told me about having corresponded with a friend of hers, a young man who had gone out to India to make a study of Hinduism. The correspondence continued in a desultory fashion over a period of three years. Suddenly one night the British writer had a vivid impression of seeing Teddy, the young man with whom she had been corresponding, standing beside her. He seemed to be ill and appeared to be making an effort to communicate with her, but the vision faded. Disturbed by this, the British writer sat down and tried to write to him, but found herself instead writing as *from* him to herself. She wrote:

*Dear long-haired pal [a term of endearment which he often used]:*

*I feel the need to talk with you tonight. I have been very sick these few days—a touch of the sun, maybe. Lately I have been weary of living, and tonight I am strangely sad and alone. . . .*

That was all; nothing else came to her, but three months later she had a letter from a friend of Teddy's, announcing his death. The friend enclosed a sheet of paper on which Teddy had begun a letter to the British writer shortly before he died, but had never finished. It began:

*Dear long-haired pal:*

*I feel the need to talk with you tonight. I have been very sick these few days—a touch of the sun, maybe. Lately I have been weary of living, and tonight I am strangely sad and alone. . . .*

This is a not uncommon psychic phenomenon known as “automatic writing.” But what does it mean? The integrity of the people involved rules out fakery, and the law of averages rules out chance.

Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke recalls that when he was a graduate student at the University of Chicago one of his most respected science professors related a typical psychic experience of which he had been an eyewitness:

“Our family was awakened late one night by a neighbor who wanted to borrow a horse and buggy to drive nine miles to a neighboring village. The man said, apologetically, that his wife had been wakened by a horrible dream about her brother who lived in that village. It had so disturbed her that she insisted he drive over at once to see if it was true. He explained that she thought she had seen this brother return home, take his team to the barn, unharness the animals, and then go up into the haymow and shoot himself with a pistol. She saw him

pull the trigger and roll over in the hay down a little incline into a corner. No reassurance could persuade her that she had only had a nightmare. My father lent them a buggy (it was before the day of the telephone) and they drove to her brother's house. There they found his wife still awaiting her husband's return, unaware of any disaster.

"They went to the barn and found the horses unharnessed. They climbed to the haymow, and there was the body in the spot the sister had described from her dream. The pistol was lying in the hay where it would have fallen if it had been used as she had indicated, and if the body had afterward rolled down the incline. It seemed as though she had dreamed every detail with photographic exactness. I was only a boy then, but it made an impression on me I've never forgotten. I can't explain it and I've never found anyone else who could."

Such stories as these are so common and so much a part of the experience of the race that they go back in human history as far as man's knowledge goes. But the serious study of E.S.P. by reputable scientists goes back no farther than the middle of the last century, when telepathy was studied extensively (but unofficially) in connection with hypnotism (although Democritus, who had a theory about the atom, also had a theory about telepathy!). A French physician, Dr. E. Azam, discovered that one of his patients seemed to respond to unspoken thought when she was hypnotized, and he decided to conduct a test to see if she could also identify a particular sensation of *taste* while he experienced it. Taking a position where the entranced subject could not possibly see him, he placed upon his tongue a little table salt. Immediately the subject reported that she tasted salt. Other tests showed that the sensation of pain could also be transmitted telepathically from hypnotist to subject, even when the hypnotist was in another room and out of visual range. Dr. Pierre Janet, famous psychiatrist of the Sorbonne, made tests in which he was able to induce hypnotic trance in subjects far enough away to rule out any possibility of sensory communication.

**H**OWEVER, science as a whole, bemused with its brain cells and nerve ends, refused to have anything to do with experiments that might prove all its basic premises wrong. When, in 1876, Professor (later Sir) William Barrett attempted to bring some of his experimental work in telepathy before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, his paper was ridiculed and the Association refused to publish it. In 1882, the British Society for Psychical Research was founded, numbering among its members many of the empire's leading scientists, and shortly thereafter scientists and philosophers of the stature of William James, William McDougall, Sigmund Freud, Sir William Crookes, C. J. Jung, Wilhelm Stekel, Henri Bergson, and Hans Driesch were actively interested in the so-called "psi" (for psychic)

experiments. The American Society for Psychical Research was founded; Professor William McDougall came from England to Harvard in 1920, discovered there a fund for the support of psychic research and put it to work with Dr. Gardner Murphy and Dr. G. H. Estabrooks as investigators. With the founding of the world's first official parapsychology laboratory at Duke University under Dr. J. B. Rhine in 1930, the period of intensive study of E.S.P. under laboratory conditions began. The accumulated folklore of the ages was at last put to the test.

The general scientific reaction to all this was tolerant, but skeptical. But as the experiments went on, there



were some spectacular conversions. Professor B. F. Reiss at Hunter College in New York made some critical remarks about E.S.P. to one of his classes and was challenged by his students to disprove its existence by some experiments of his own. He agreed, and, to show what nonsense it all was, he took the cards which had been designed at Duke to test extrasensory perception and in 1,850 runs through the deck of 25 cards he averaged over 18 hits per 25—enough to convince any skeptic that some other principle besides chance was operative, since the law of averages would indicate only 5 hits per 25 cards. This converted Dr. Reiss, and today he is one of the leading scientific enthusiasts for E.S.P.

Another outstanding convert was the English mathematician, Dr. S. G. Soal. Soal had been an outstanding critic of the American investigations into E.S.P., and he set about experimenting with the cards in his own laboratory to prove that it could not possibly be true. When his total results with 160 subjects and thousands of runs through the deck of E.S.P. cards gave an average score far *below* chance, no one who knew the importance of *attitude* in E.S.P. tests was surprised. Soal appeared to have justified his skepticism, but when he went over the results of the tests carefully with Whately Carington of the British Society for Psychical Research, he discovered, much to his amazement, that certain of his subjects, while not calling the card in front of them correctly, *had* made a call that was correct for either the card ahead or the card behind. Chance would account for a certain predictable amount of this, but there was so much of it in the Soal tests that the law of averages itself ruled out chance. This is what is known in the jargon of E.S.P. as *displacement*. The displacement scores were highly sig-



nificant; Soal was convinced of the operation of something besides the law of chance, and he followed up with an outstanding piece of research on *precognitive telepathy*.

At the parapsychology laboratory at Duke, most of the experimentation is done with a specially designed deck of 25 cards known as E.S.P. cards. The cards are divided into five suits of five cards, each suit marked with a symbol—a cross, a wavy line, a star, a square and a circle. The simplest form of test is for clairvoyance, with the subject looking at the back of the card and trying to tell what it is. Or, without laying the cards out at all, the subject may simply predict the order of cards in the deck. Or the test may combine telepathy with clairvoyance, with someone else looking at the card and trying to convey the symbol of the card telepathically to the subject. Or again, the test may be for *precognition* (knowledge of something before it happens). In this case, the subject tries to predict the order of the deck as it will be after the deck is shuffled.

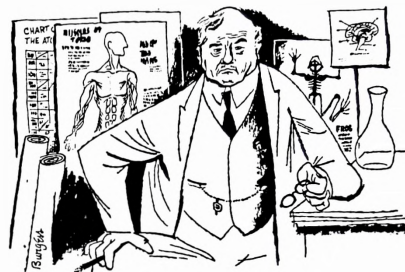
From chance alone, the average score to be expected in a run through a deck of 25 cards is 5 hits, no matter what the test is for. If a subject goes through the deck four times and scores an average of 7.5 hits per run (a total of 30 out of the 100 cards called) the odds, mathematically computed, would be 150 to 1 against such a score. When, as in the case of Reiss, an average of 18 hits per run is maintained for a series of 1,850 runs—33,300 hits out of a total of 46,250 cards—the mathematical odds against such a score are so astronomical that not even Nick the Greek would care to bet against E.S.P.! One of Dr. Rhine's subjects at Duke, a divinity student by the name of Hubert Pearce, on one occasion made a perfect score—25 out of 25. Any mathematician would agree that the odds against such a score by chance alone would be one followed by a series of zeros reaching across the page!

Moreover, the Duke experiments have shown that distance means nothing in E.S.P. The same subject, Pearce, was tested with E.S.P. cards, first with the experimenter seated at a table across from him, and then at a distance of 100 yards. At the table Pearce averaged 8 hits per run through 36 runs. At 100 yards he went through 30 runs and averaged approximately 9 hits per run. At greater distances he was even more successful. Another subject, in a test involving telepathy, averaged more than 10 hits per run in 8 runs at a distance of 250 miles!

Other tests at Duke for precognition and psychokinesis have also been favorable. In predicting the order of the E.S.P. deck as it would be after it was shuffled, scores obtained through more than 4,500 runs showed odds of 400,000 to 1 against chance alone. Currently, one Duke laboratory technician is conducting precognition experiments with marbles in which the subject arranges different colored marbles on something like a Chinese checkerboard in the pattern in which he thinks the marbles may be arranged at some future date by somebody

—perhaps immediately after his arrangement, or a week later, or a month later. His arrangement is then covered and preserved and the arrangement he is trying to predict is then selected by chance from a series of several thousand such arrangements and compared with his.

Psychokinesis (the ability of the mind to influence matter) tests are carried out with dice, with the subject trying to force the dice to fall into certain combinations—sevens, or whatnot. The scores obtained have been significantly above chance, although not as strikingly as in the case of the telepathy, clairvoyance, and precognition tests. These tests would seem to indicate the existence of a *mental energy* that is convertible into *physical*



energy. This, of course, is a truth long known to craps shooters, with their prayerful invocations to "come seven, come eleven!"

Every precaution has been taken at Duke to rule out sensory cues and perception. Automatic shuffling machines and dice throwers have been designed, and in some of the experiments the results have been photographed to rule out any claim of "foul." In 1937 the American Institute of Mathematical Statistics put the official stamp of approval on the mathematics of the psi tests, and in 1938 the august American Psychological Association dignified E.S.P. by devoting a symposium to it at its annual meeting. There can be no question about the scientific validity of the tests.

**Y**ET science as a whole, while it watches the experiments of its parapsychologists with wide-eyed wonder, is not yet at the point where it is willing to make the same kind of all-out attack on the mystery of E.S.P. that its nuclear physicists made on the atom. Here there is a striking parallel to Sigmund Freud's early work; the physicalistic science of his day, preoccupied with the physiological theories of Rudolf Virchow and Wilhelm Wundt, derided Freud's theory that the sick mind could be cured through the mind and for years refused to have anything to do with psychoanalysis. If Freud's theories were correct, then the medieval doctors who prescribed wolf's flesh, dressed and sodden, for patients troubled by hallucinations, and who had their patients drink medicine out of church bells, were closer to the truth than they were! It was an intolerable thought for the

pontifical science of the nineteenth century, and the theory that there may be a power of the mind that has nothing to do with nerve ends or brain cells, a power which is not limited by the space-time continuum of science, is almost equally intolerable to some scientists today. And for the same reason. It knocks too many of their smug presumptions into cocked hats.

To men like J. B. Rhine, Gardner Murphy and Gaither Pratt, no less than to Freud, McDougall, William James and Pierre Lecomte du Nouy, there is no question. E.S.P. is a fact. Knowledge *can* enter the mind by other than sensory means. There is a power of the mind that is not limited by space or time. The folklore, with all its accretion of superstition, quackery and fakery, has a basis in fact. Today, four great world universities are granting the doctorate for theses in the field of E.S.P.

But what does it all mean? How does this knowledge lend itself to the purposes of religion? How does it contribute to the mending of the broken circle of faith?

In many ways. As Dr. Rhine stated in a recent broadcast from Town Hall in New York, "as defined by minimum requirements, the soul theory has been confirmed." There is a spiritual component in man's nature. Man is more than his body. Moreover, this spiritual component, as it expresses itself through the E.S.P. tests in the laboratory, is not subject to the limitations of time and space!

And what is the experience we call death but the final enforcement of the time-space limitation on a human life? But if it can be demonstrated that there is a part of man for which this time-space barrier has no meaning, a part of man which transcends the barrier and is not subject to the limitation, then does it not mean that this part of man may well survive the final enforcement of the limitation against that part of him which is subject to it? And when the realization that immortality is not a fantastic pie-in-the-sky pipe dream but perhaps an actual fact dawns on atom-beleaguered mankind today, what a difference will it not make in ethics, in politics, in religion?

"In a similar speculative way," says Dr. Rhine, "we can now at least rationally conceive of the existence of a universal spirit equivalent to the modern conception of God." Can anyone underestimate the significance of such a statement from the scientific laboratory? And if man is a spirit, and God is a Spirit, and if telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition and psychokinesis are established scientific facts, is it fantastic to think that communication can be established between man and God, between spirit

and Spirit, by means of *prayer*? Two modern Christian philosophers, Gerald Heard and Frank Laubach, have already developed theories and techniques of prayer based on the reality of E.S.P.

Best of all, E.S.P. affirms the reality of that spiritual world which is the true homeland of all religion—that world beyond this cabined world of space and time which Dante said is "so strong to fight against all that is false and low and mean in life." It brings to bear on the terrible problems of our day the tremendous and inexhaustible resources of that world which is just beyond our finger tips. It opens the way for a healing of the lesions torn in the world and in the church by the impact of a materialistic science, a healing which may have come just in time to enable mankind to transform its knowledge of the atom from curse to blessing. It opens the way for a new church, a new ecclesia, based not on doctrine and dogma but on the affirmation of Jesus that "it is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing," and for a new priesthood trained in the technique of using the resources of the spiritual world for the healing of heart-sick, mind-sick and body-sick men and women.

A French philosopher once expressed gratitude for "the good news of damnation." If nuclear physics has brought us "the good news of damnation," parapsychology is now bringing us the infinitely better news of salvation, the news of new horizons, new frontiers, new resources. It is bringing home to us the truth of Du Nouy's statement in *Human Destiny* that "man's life is not limited to his existence on this earth, and he must never forget that fact."

Yes, the broken circle of faith is mending—and it is the psychologists rather than the theologians who are mending it. They are uncovering for us a vast and illimitable natural resource, and today we stand on the outermost frontier of this undiscovered country and gasp in amazement at its wonders, much as the first white trapper must have gasped when, from a summit in the Teton Mountains, he gazed for the first time on the majestic miracles of Yellowstone Park.

It would be a sane guess that the way is now open for one of those tremendous leaps forward in the evolutionary scale that have come seldom in human history, but when they have come have pushed the race furlongs farther from the slime, and closer to the high place where the mind of man can comprehend the basic secrets of the cosmos, its Creator, and the finest product of the interaction between the two, the mind itself.





# Eliza, My Lovely Bride

DOROTHY ERSKINE

AFTER Grandma Gilpenny's funeral, everyone was glad to get back to the house. Everything now was as it always had been, except that Grandma was not there, though there was a faint smell of her still, a not unpleasant aroma of camphor and peppermint and rose water around her old chair by the window.

It had been stifling and uncomfortable during the funeral and at the cemetery, everyone had been quite miserable. The voice of the Reverend Mr. Titterlee had droned on and on in sonorous accompaniment to the messy rain: "And-ah though I-ah gave up my-ah body to-ah be burned for-ah my-ah friends and have not love-ah, then am I-ah nothing . . . ah . . ."

Frequently, too frequently for their comfort, he paused and gazed in respectful sympathy at his small damp congregation—those perennial children whom Grandma Gilpenny had loved; her "dear, faithful" Phil and "handsome" Paul, her "precious" Sue and "sweet" Jess and "poor, dear" Elliot.

They stood quietly and with bowed heads while Mr. Titterlee said, not once, but several times, "I-ah die-ah aspiring." Finally, they listened to his last ". . . from-ah everlasting until-ah everlasting." Then they returned to their cars, still quietly, decently, but with more spring to their walks. They bowled home through the rain, a little more at ease now and relaxed because they had gotten through this thing somehow, because it was done. It was done, but Mr. Titterlee showed no sign of giving up the floor, "Your-ah Mother, a most-ah wonderful woman . . . ah . . ."

Eliza Gilpenny had been a very old woman, such an old woman that when she died at eighty-nine, there was no one left who cared particularly. No one, that is, except Phil. Phil cared: he cared bitterly. For suddenly



Phil was a middle-aged man, now that his mother was gone. He was, more nearly, a middle-aged woman, for though he was a big, strong man with nothing womanish or effeminate about him, he did all the things that a woman might have done and did them better, with more ease and less fuss.

Yes, Phil had become, through his mother, a famous housewife. He canned fruits, made jellies and preserves, washed, swept and garnished, mended like a tailor, ironed with a beautiful, mechanical precision, and scolded his mother when she was a naughty old woman. For in the end, their roles had become reversed. He was the mother, loving and giving, and she was his old child.

And a bad, old child she had sometimes been; wetting herself when she knew better, refusing to eat without coaxing, protesting against a bath. For she liked to be dirty, as a child does, now that her senses were leaving her. With a child's wisdom, she perceived the futility of forever washing at herself when she would only be dirty all over again by tomorrow. She would stay as she was. It was easier. And she lied with an amazing affectation of candor, or perhaps she did not lie, since she believed it herself. She imagined, that was all.

And she stole; useless, highly colored gimcracks, with an expression of the most cunning triumph. Yes, she was very old, so old that she seemed hardly less alive now that she was dead. Where are you now, Eliza, my lovely bride? Where are you, sweet and tender mother?

But Phil, what is he to do?—Phil, who held her hand as it worked in her last struggle, reaching and grasping as though she would drag him, too, over into death. For life had flowed in and around him, and then left him behind. The house, too, had been caught in a backwash. It is absurd, a farmhouse in the middle of town, with fac-

DOROTHY ERSKINE, a native of Ohio and graduate of Ohio State University, is the author of the novel, *The Crystal Boat*, published by L. B. Fischer. Her story, "A Time for Love," appeared in the December issue of *TOMORROW*. Miss Erskine now lives in Baltimore where she is at work on a novel which will feature the characters in "Eliza, My Lovely Bride."

ories and stores all about it, and a railroad chug-chug-who-o-oo-ing at a doorstep where hens should have gathered clucking for corn.

Yes, it is all absurd. But Phil had been her prop, her mainstay. He was the one she could depend upon. And when the others had started to go, one to China and one to a weed-choked plot in the old graveyard, and the others to be married, or to better themselves somewhere else,



Phil was the one she had clung to—the one she had needed. The others were all right in their way, but when she saw that she might, finally, be left alone, she made him promise that he would stay with her to the end.

The promise had been easy enough to make, for Eliza Gilpenny was then already a frail, white-haired, pink-cheeked, old lady of sixty odd, who suffered one mortal illness succeeding another. Everyone knew it was only a matter of a month, a year. But afterwards, when everything was comfortably arranged, she had settled herself down and lived to be eighty-nine. Now Phil's hands are empty. He has no one to care for, to protect, to be responsible for. He is alone and he is now too old to change.

**W**HAT of the others? Where is Sue; for Sue was the prettiest, the sweetest? Sue was the beauty of the family. Sue is sharp tempered now, and cross-grained, not from malice but from habit, for she has come to think of herself as a much put upon woman. Within herself, she is still the beauty, rosy and straight, with sleek, yellow curls. But the coquette, and all her pretty, playful ways, is imprisoned now in layers of fat. She has had a slight stroke and her tongue is nervous, her mouth is wry.

Like most beauties, she has managed to make a bad marriage. Nothing spectacular, but a slow, steady jog downhill. There has been a certain amount of drinking. There have been promotions that did not come off. There have been hasty speculations. There has been no stability, no companionship. Yet even now, there is almost enough. Sue is fed and clothed and housed, if not lavishly, at least adequately. But she won't forget. She bears resentment for a whole, long series of affronts.

Sue has achieved a sort of minor celebrity in the town

by not speaking to Ed—not, that is, directly—for the last fifteen years. "Please ask your father to pass me the salt," she says to her daughter Jeanne every night at table. And Jeanne relays the message to Ed. They have outworn now all active animosity and they ignore each other, comfortably, from long habit, without thinking much about it.

Sometimes it is hard to remember how it all came about and why it seemed so important. It had something to do with Jeanne's sixth birthday party. Ed had come home drunk—that was it. Sue told him then that she would never speak to him again. And she never had either, she told herself with quiet satisfaction. It was not a very grand gesture, but it had embarrassed and humiliated him, and it showed that she was not a woman to be trifled with.

Still and all, she has Jeanne: Jeanne who is a pretty girl, though not, Sue thinks, as pretty as Sue herself was at Jeanne's age. But still, she is a pretty girl, this extension of her ego. The boys flock around her and the vain, young beauty that is within Sue, who sees with Jeanne's eyes and talks with her mouth is at last appeased a little, for she goes dancing with Jeanne in ridiculous slippers made, apparently, of a strap and a buckle and a French heel. She steals Butch Hoppner from under the very nose of that silly old Clarice Wintner. She revels in Clarice's discomfiture. She frowns upon Carl Schumin because he is too old and on Buddy Lempner because he is too young. She has an amazingly seductive bra and pantie set of white linen lace, and sometimes she has been kissed under the wisteria vine on the side porch.

And what of Jess. Jess the ugly duckling, Jess who will never be a swan, but whose head is screwed on the right way? Jess is wonderfully homely still, but she is in a way the flower of the family. Yes, Jess has done better than anyone could have expected; for nature, who works indefatigably to cover up her blunders, has given Jess a husband who is not very smart but at least smart enough to do as Jess tells him. He is good-looking in a big, florid way, and the children are handsome and intelligent.

Jess sits apart, severely à la mode and dripping with silver fox. Her body is slim and elegant; her face is ravaged and ugly above the blur of soft, gray fur. Jess intends to have her mother's diamond sunburst and set of garnets, the mahogany sofa, the sleigh bed, the Dickens prints, the silver tureen and ladle that are no one knows how old, the six fiddle-back chairs, the Cluny tablecloth, the eagle mirror, the sconces, the milk-glass plates and the white China lamb. That is all she wants. The others can divide the rest among them. Everything else, she reflects, is junk anyhow.

Jess cries easily, more than anyone; for it is always natural for her to do whatever is appropriate. Her family, she decides, is a little vulgar, and she wonders how she can have gone so far with such a background. She is a garrulous old fool. Jess could laugh. She could scream when she remembers that she used to be jealous of Sue, had copied her painstakingly, even to wearing a pink



ribbon in her hair. God knows what she must have looked like, with her face, and all that pink. Still, Sue had been very lovely, so lovely that whenever you saw her, her beauty came to you with a fresh little shock of surprise. But she had done nothing with it and now she billows and creaks under her burden of fat. She is silly and loud, and talks, without stopping, about Jeanne. Why must women forever be talking about their children? She herself never mentions Reade and Ashley unless they have done something really amusing.

Phil is ruined, too. He is an old woman, an old maid. And whatever is he going to do with himself until he dies? He will put clean curtains up all over the house every two weeks, she supposes, and wipe the cat's feet when it comes in from out of doors. He will become germ conscious and wash the door knobs with an antiseptic solution. He will die, finally, she thinks, of housemaid's knee complicated by hypochondriasis.

And Paul is shabby and dissipated, but in a sort of Byronic way so that she wonders if it is not a pose. Still, the cuffs of his trousers are worn, his cravat is spotted, and he could do with a haircut. He's getting a belly and his breath is abominable, like a brewer's truck.

Paul could have done so much, could have made himself outstanding. He had been good-looking. It was once a pleasure just to look at Paul's nose. And he had had such charm that he could charge the most commonplace little story with so much humor and significance that it seemed an epic.

Without half trying, he might have married Brenda Tonaar. She had thrown herself at him often enough, Lord knows. If he had, he would have been in the pink now. Jess, probably even Brenda herself, doesn't know how much Brenda is worth, but it is fabulous—only to be guessed at—and she has never married.

Crazy in love with her Paul had been. "Futility is futility, Jess," he had told her one night, "but a cat may look at a queen." And then he had shown her a piece of poetry he had written to Brenda:

*You can ensnare  
the perfumed air  
of twice ten thousand flowers.  
High, high, I cry  
to the night sky  
of bitter, wasted hours.*

There had been more of course; something about "the crescent moon, the light of noon . . . shine pale as penny dips," but she had forgotten the rest. That was the test of poetry, Jess decided. A phrase that tingled along your spine and cried out to be remembered was the real thing. Yes, Paul had been a fool. She would like to beat the be-jesus out of him; for Jess still thought that her brothers and sisters could have done better if they had tried. She did not know, as Paul did, that they were the sort of persons they had to be since they were the sort of persons they were.

AND Elliot, poor Elliot. She would like to have someone in the family of whom she could be a little proud. But no. Elliot, whose mind had been so cold and clear, who had had a level-headed common sense like Jess's, has been in a sanitarium for the last ten years. Elliot suffers from a slight derangement that followed a blow on the head with the conventional, blunt instrument. Elliot was prudent and resourceful: he saved his watch and money but he lost his reason. But perhaps "suffer" is too strong a word. Like the unfortunate Beau Brummel, he was probably never so happy in his life as he is now.

Elliot views the world with Olympian detachment. He is strong and his strength gives him a security the rest of them will never know. The family—his brothers and sisters—dissemble their unrest with an awkward cordiality, a patient reasonableness that fools no one—least of all Elliot. He hates them in their pity and triumphs in their fear; for Elliot is free of all earthly bonds of affection. Blessedly released from inhibition, he sees himself as a pure spirit in a world of matter.

Elliot wonders what would happen if he were to make a very natural mistake, as he seems about to do from time to time. But he knows that nothing would happen. No one would bat an eye. They wouldn't know what to do so they wouldn't do anything. But Elliot giggles delightedly at the possibilities in the scene and their discomfort, and is reproved by a sharp prod from Phil.

It is a nuisance, he finds, to leave his snug retreat. It's an annoyance to come home even for this little time. Funerals are silly things anyway—far sillier than anything *there*. (With characteristic delicacy Elliot does not give the place a name even to himself.)

*There*, he reigns alone; he is humored, catered to. His whims are gratified. Serious gentlemen, scholars pore over him with note books and take down his most casual utterances. And there is Enni, or Anni, or whatever her queer, foreign name is.

There is a remarkable and intelligent woman for you, and they are on terms of the most exquisite intimacy and understanding. Anni (or Enni) is a charwoman *there*. She is not, he realizes, beautiful, his Dulcinea del Toboso. She looks very much like the little old woman in the fairy story—the one who was given a magic nut by the humble wayfarer, and in the end only wished the pan of sausages on the nose of the little old man, and off again.

He does not know a great deal about her, for her English is very broken; and he finds himself so stimulated by her mind, her presence, her conversation, that he talks quite a lot himself when they are together and so misses much of what she tells him. That's the trouble with not being quite *there* all the time. Sometimes he wonders who and what and why he is, until in the end he is convinced that he is not *there* at all; and if you are not *there*, naturally you cannot remember everything that happens, however delicious it may be. Sometimes, of course, he puts on a little show for *them*; *they* expect it, and he does not like to disappoint anyone.

Anni (or Enni) likes to work, he remembers. She loves it. Her old bones exult in it. She is forever scrubbing, washing at things, and that is as it should be, for there is no getting around it, some of *them* are certainly nasty fellows—and the women, too. She is forever mopping up, and when he thinks of her, as he does constantly with a warm rush of emotion, he can almost smell creolin.

Oh, yes, Anni is a remarkable woman, she bobs and curtsies to him, and once, he recollects with a faint flush of pleasure, she kissed his hand almost up to the elbow. That had been the first time he asked her to marry him. Ah, she knew merit when she saw it. Her mind was free from vulgar prejudice, was as detached, as clear as his. He had asked her to marry him many times now. Proposing to Enni had become routine, a pleasant, jocular habit.

Why will she not accept him? Is it virgin timidity or is there something between them, between him and this integral part of himself, if he has a self? Perhaps it might be religion for she is some sort of a Slavic and unintelligible Catholic. Still, she is not strict. She has eaten meat from his plate on a Friday and he remembers her subsequent comment. "Slavish peoples don't have too many fast days. Slavish peoples got anythings to eat, eat it, don't got anythings to eat, it's a fast day." That is only one example of her beautiful and profound reasonableness, he thinks.

He remembers her apple-cheeked grin, her wide toothless giggle when he has asked her, very gravely, to marry him. It may be that she is still in love with her first husband, that Pani, and he frowns darkly. She has, he remembers, compared him to Pani. "You joosts like Pani, you nice peoples, I like you too much, bye-bye," she has told him. She ends all controversy and conversation with this diminutive, this infantile farewell. Anni does not fear him; she accepts him as she has learned after a great deal of painful living to accept all manner of things—as Elliot himself is learning to accept them.

Now, who is so sane as Elliot? And who so young and fresh? Elliot, alone, of all the children has not changed, has not grown older. He is, but for something dark and secret about the eyes, the handsomest of them all. He has neither worked nor worried, he still carries his youth like a banner. And after all, he thinks reasonably; it is absurd to make such a to-do about Mother. She was an old, a very old woman and we all must die sometime.

Paul is here too, Paul who showed such promise. His wife did not come and everyone is a little relieved; for it is such a strain to be cordial to a woman whom you would rather kick. For Paul has let them down and they like to think it is Bess's fault.

Paul has not married well either, for there is something in all the Gilpennys that is attracted by the second-rate. Perhaps it is because they do not, cannot receive their just due of admiration, of attention, of respect, from someone who is quite their equal. So Paul, the baby, the clever one, with his flashes of erratic brilliance, has mar-

ried a stodgy matron older than himself. They have and will have no children.

Paul has a hangover this morning. He and Bess were drinking together last night as they always do, and now his head throbs and his stomach churns and his mouth tastes of evil, unmentionable things. He sits quietly, wondering a little stupidly how this has all come about, for certainly he had never meant to do this with his life. Paul, alone, of all the family, has perceptions enough to see the maggot that is in all of them. He watches his brothers and sisters covertly, looking below the surface, feeling a sort of contemptuous pity for them; for he knows what they are like—since he knows what he is like himself. They are a lot of inefficient fools, he thinks. They lack ruthlessness, the sort of primary courage you must have if you are to make your mark. All but Jess; Jess has her head screwed on the right way.

And, looking about him, remembering why he's here, he thinks of his mother suddenly. It's queer, but the thing he remembers best about her, the thing he will remember until he dies, is her cookies. He can smell them now; their sweet, hot, spicy odor scented the old kitchen. His palate, blurred by cigarettes, by liquor, by rich, unseasonable food, trembles deliriously at the thought of their brown, crunchy goodness. And once she had made them for him and he had eaten them in great mouthfuls with a dipper of buttermilk from the crock in the springhouse, nothing he has eaten since has come up to those cookies.

The house is strange too. He recognizes, with an instinctive little thrill, almost of pleasure, all sorts of things he thought he had forgotten. The pattern of tiles in the hearth, one blue and one brown, is comforting in its familiarity but it is a little frightening too. There is a crack along one side that he made—how many years ago?—with a baseball bat. The crack is still there, but his mother who was the center of it all—the house, the children, revolving under her indomitable direction—is gone.

The old silver spoons, thin and scarred, and chased with minute cabbage roses, twinkle at him from a tray in the dining room. He remembers the blown-glass paper weight and the blue vase with a white frieze of indecorous nymphs dancing gaily around it. Once he had traced the delicious curve of their breasts with a stubby forefinger.

The little china lamb upon the mantelshelf that he had admired extravagantly in his boyhood still wears its curly, china fleece. On an impulse, he picks it up and holds it in his hand. It is small and hard and cold, and the fingers curl easily around it. He had not, he remembered, been allowed to touch that lamb, and suddenly he wants it again with the old, sick, swooning desire he had known as a child. Phil would not mind, he thinks, and he drops it into his pocket.

Paul is particularly annoyed by the unending funeral eulogy of Mr. Titterlee. Mr. Titterlee is, Paul thinks, the same pompous old ass he always was. His voice has lost



a little of its old richness, its thick, hot soupiness; but he still rolls his consonants in the old, elegant way. Paul wonders if he will forget himself and thunder against fornication, as he used to on fine spring mornings. He never spoke well of it, it's true, but his voice had grown deeper and darker, his eyes more lurid as he catalogued the lusts of the eye and the lusts of the flesh; as he savored the venial iniquity of this adorable sin. Always thinking about it but never getting any of it, Paul tells himself. The old spiritual was right: "Everybody talkin' 'bout Hevvin ain't gwine der. . . ."

Once Paul himself had been a regular communicant on the off-chance that he would catch a glimpse of Brenda Tonaar, a smile, a faint whiff of lemon verbena as she passed. And once Paul had kissed Brenda Tonaar and

had tasted love on her lips. Where are you now, my lovely bride?

Yes, everyone had been glad to get back to the house, for there was packing to be done, goodbyes to be said, trains to be caught. Most of them had a quick stiff drink, a jolt, in the pantry before dinner and they ate with a certain zest, a relish. And through it all the Reverend Mr. Titterlee repeated his recondite and mystifying allusions to the-ah Hittites-ah, hissing perilously through his false teeth as he did so.

Everything now was as it always had been, except that Eliza Gilpenny was not there, though there was a faint smell of her still, a not unpleasant aroma of camphor and peppermint and rose water about her old chair by the window.



HUGO MANNING

### MADRIGAL

BETWEEN tumult of fire  
And tumult of stone,  
What matutinal bird calls  
My sleeping power?

O bright and fair  
Are the towers of your limbs,  
But brighter and more fair  
The graces of your heart.

Lean, my love, lean  
On my waiting arm  
And let us depart  
From the cold, doomed valley

Where the world's weeping flower,  
Like a poisoned bird,  
Lies at our feet,  
Alone, alone.

And listen, listen—  
Wind and sea and stars rejoice,  
O sing, without anger,  
Love's pleasure and psalm.

O fair heart, come  
To the high hill of dreams  
Where wonder and wisdom  
Forever kiss and meet.

# Return to New Guinea



HARRY ROSKOLENKO

I JOURNEYED back into history recently and returned to New Guinea. I first left this island when my outfit moved up for the invasion of Leyte. That was four years ago, when the war had turned the last primitive bastion of the Pacific into a vast military depot. Plantations and villages had changed into sleek two-lane coral highways and landing fields. The waterways, formerly areas for spear fishing and crocodile hunting, had been transformed into secret harbors for naval craft. The many place names on this strange island were now acutely related to the memories of hundreds of thousands of men. No longer were Lae, Salamaua, Buna, Port Moresby, Milne Bay, just names on a map. We had invaded a world that still practiced a stone-age culture behind the Terracelli mountain range, an abysmal, sickening, malarial jungle where only adventurers and explorers trekked. Here we had brought another civilization, or at least its tools of war, which included many of our quickest ways of building temporary homes, roads, airstrips, and the varied items that furnished more than primitive comfort for our soldiers.

During the war, I had hated New Guinea for its crawling triumph over man, for the surrender of my personal life, for the discipline of the uniform. But now, as a civilian on another mission, I was the reporter searching for the past, discovering the epitaphs of death in the crashed planes as yet unfound. I was accompanying the Royal Australian Air Force Searcher-Party seeking missing personnel and aircraft.

In the quiet of New Guinea, only so recently disturbed by the bombardments of invading armies, a burgeoning new civilization was taking root. The Australians who had settled there before the war as planters, grazers, gold miners and traders had returned; they had increased almost threefold the 6,329 non-native population of 1941.

My route was the same I had taken before from Australia. Leaving Archer Field, Brisbane, I noted the re-

mindings of the past in my journal: "We took off at 1700, with tea and toast for a pick-me-up breakfast, arriving in Townsville, Queensland, at 1115. The airstrip was totally deserted. Only khaki-painted barracks and canteens with faded signs, like 'U. S. Army Report Here,' were evident." Formerly a bustling war town, hot and humid, Townsville had only its weather left. It had returned to sheep-grazing and other pastoral habits. The Australian accent had replaced the varied American speech tones of 1943-44. The change was more acute because of the absence of Americans, the silent streets, and the empty pubs where we had sung "Waltzing Matilda." In one pub, a fat barmaid had boasted that she had received over \$12,000 in tips one year from the very generous Americans. I returned to the pub. The owners had changed and she was no longer there. The pub, like the city outside, was quiet and almost deserted.

In the Officers' Mess, the bar was open. Someone was playing the Special Service phonograph and the old U.S.O. records. The phonograph whined away while three R.A.A.F. men, standing at the bar, echoed the nostalgic Bing Crosby refrains, muted by time and corrosion. Like the records, these men had stayed on. Seeking the valid permanence of the civil service in long enlistments, they were couriers running the air ferry that went all the way to Japan. Townsville was just another landing field to them in a new career.

The next morning, our plane swooped over the awful flatness of Townsville and we headed through the break in the Barrier Reef across the China Straits. I recalled other trips to New Guinea, when we had fighter escorts trailing us. Now we saw only the blue sea, coral islands and atolls, with an occasional fishing vessel coming back from the trolling areas, but no cruisers. Scattered and solemn little items returned to my memory, like the lieutenant commander who had once borrowed three bottles of whisky. I never saw him again. . . . The

HARRY ROSKOLENKO recently made an extensive tour of the Pacific, where he served as a soldier during the war. His reports on postwar Japan, Indo-China, Australia and China, have appeared in the New York Times, Mademoiselle, and other publications. Mr. Roskolenko has published four volumes of poetry and has just completed a novel with a New Guinea background.



twenty-eight officers, schoolmates of mine, who had been drowned in the bay when a Japanese sub sank their ship back in 1943. . . . One time I had made a trip through the China Straits in a large tug which dragged three tows behind us. We hit a bad storm and had to cut the tows loose. Weeks later the Navy was still chasing the stranded tows. . . . The armadas had gone from these waters and I was returning alone.

The plane landed at Jackson Field, Port Moresby, on a billowing airstrip. Half the strip was dangerous and closed off with empty oil drums. Only a dozen men were operating the airstrip now. The barracks looked rotted, the mosquito wiring stove-in and broken. "It's all gone bung!" said a thin flight sergeant. During the six-mile jeep trip to Port Moresby he added, "You'll recognize precious little in town now. The planters are back and up to the neck in government muck." I observed encampments without campers, tents without occupants, everything caved in. Ela Beach, once called Brothel Beach, no longer had crash-boats rushing by, and gone, too, was the particular activity which had earned it its trade name. In Lakatois, big-breasted, almost nude Papuan women smiled as they paddled by in their boats. We were the oddity, after all.

Australian ex-servicemen who had decided to settle in New Guinea bought the large U.S. Army rec-hut and transformed it into a social club. The interior still had the decorations of 1944—the palm fronds, bamboo blinds and tinselled stage. The Papuan waiters were still scurrying around on bare feet, carrying whiskeys and soda; the U.S.O. library was still on the shelves, mostly odd-and-end books and nothing of the last few years. But the greatest architectural change in Port Moresby was the Papuan Hotel, adjacent to the movie house which was to open in a few months. This was the pattern of the new New Guinea preparing the next stage of growth.

Mr. Egleston, the manager of the Papuan Hotel, offered to tell me the future he envisaged for Port Moresby. His company was planning a summer resort, with planes to carry the guests from the Australian mainland. He had a Southwest Pacific-Miami Beach-Atlantic City all laid out. There would be special yachts built for these waters, trails into the mountains, and tours of the battlefields and cemeteries. The docks, warehouses and water systems the American Army had built and left, or sold for very little, were in Mr. Egleston's idyllic blueprint for the future. The movie house was to set the pattern of this paradise (the natives would not be allowed to attend). The Australian Government, however, had other ideas regarding the development of New Guinea.

Edward Ward, the Minister of External Territories, had said that New Guinea was to be developed for the benefit of the natives and the ex-servicemen, with the future of the natives coming first. Neither Mr. Egleston nor the planters were happy. Later, I met Col. John Keith Murray, the Administrator, at Government House, formerly Gen. MacArthur's headquarters. He gave me

the official point of view, which differed radically from what the planters had in mind. Over a Tom Collins he told me that colonialism was finished, that he was going to run Papua for the benefit of the Papuans. No more two-year contracts (indentured labor) for the profit of the planters. The natives were going to rebuild their shattered villages, learn Western forms of agriculture, and be taught at the many schools that were now being planned. He had in mind a kindergarten of arts, crafts, industry, medical services and education—everything necessary to build up Papua and New Guinea as self-sustaining territories, with self-rule as the eventual goal.

**I**n the harbor lay the "S. S. Reynella" carrying more than a hundred planters on their way back to their former plantations in Rabaul. They had stocked the ship with all sorts of livestock and goods. Starting life again after having been forced to flee in 1942 when the Japanese invaded Rabaul, they wondered what they would find when they returned. Their houses had been burned, their plantations were covered with vines. Labor would be difficult to find. The laws governing the use of native labor had become more strict, particularly regarding wages, food, hours of work and punishment. Nevertheless, right at the dock, I saw natives (prisoners from the penal colony) unloading the heavy cargo from the "S.S. Reynella." Other natives, armed, guarded them.

The woman who cut my hair at the barbershop had returned only two weeks before from Australia. Her husband had been killed when an American sub sank the Japanese prison ship "Montevideo," evacuating Australian residents from Rabaul early in 1942. She cut hair to support herself while she waited to go on to Rabaul. She sympathized with the natives. They had seen American engineering transform swamps and jungles into camps and staging-areas for the war up north; they had learned to drive bulldozers and trucks, and had worked at various odd jobs with engineering units. The touch of democracy, bequeathed to them under the circumstances of the war, was paying off now. They too would inherit the vast coral highways they had helped to build. Meanwhile, jungle civilization was returning to the jungle all too quickly. The newly arrived white settlers were attempting to restore the banana, rubber and coconut plantations, to rearrange the war disorder, to restrain the overall resurrection of kunai grass, moss and rot.

A few days later I received an invitation to Government House. Col. Murray had also invited Nola Luxford, the founder of the Anzac Club in New York. We listened intently to Col. Murray's digest of the Australian Government's plan for New Guinea. "The first task of reconstruction is to regain contact with the native peoples in areas overrun and devastated by the Japanese. It is the intention of the Australian Government to develop the territory and Papua to the utmost for the welfare of the inhabitants in accordance with the United Nations Char-

## TOMORROW

ter, and \$7,000,000 has been provided for the administration of the provisional territory of Papua-New Guinea for the coming year, as compared with an annual grant of \$136,000, made to the administration of Papua before the war."

These plans included the rebuilding of villages, towns and settlements, the exploitation of natural resources, including gold mining and oil, now being sought by various companies which had spent over \$1,000,000 in geological search and drilling. Aviation, shipping, agriculture and health departments would be part of the extensive development. With an estimated population of one million natives, a few thousand Chinese and almost fifteen thousand whites, New Guinea would, when things were back to normal, surpass its prewar production of 89,000 tons of copra and rubber. Furthermore, the natives, despite their primitive agricultural ideas, could be taught to grow coffee, tea, cocoa, cinchona and fibers. The missionaries, who had recently concluded the first Southwest Pacific Convention in seven years, were going to cooperate with the government's program instead of pushing special programs of their own. They insisted on a new labor code, a balanced daily diet, the repatriation of natives to their villages. The increase of the white health staff to 238 medical assistants and the establishment of more native hospitals at strategic sections, as well as training natives as medical assistants, were part of their program.

THE radio nerve center of the war, 9PA Radio Moresby, was no longer isolated and guarded. It lay in a grove, open to all. A few years ago the war correspondents had camped here, when MacArthur lived on the hill at Government House. Our technician, Mr. Vane, informed me that I was due to make a half-hour broadcast. I was to tell what it was like for an American, who had been to New Guinea during the war, to come back. From Radio Moresby my talk reached all the islands, all the police posts and medical stations. My impressionistic on-the-spot talk regaled my audience. I, an American, had come back again, literally because New Guinea was in my blood. Despite the changes that were taking place, I would always see the New Guinea of 1943 and 1944. The natives were now living in the corrugated army huts along the water, at Hanabada. Port Moresby had 1,500 white civilians instead of the prewar 300; the soldiers, who made up the new population, had returned to revisit old haunts, and then to settle the places they now claimed. They had a blood relationship to the soil. The government subsidy would help them build this last frontier into a nation one day. When I finished my talk over the "mosquito network," as it had been called during the war, I felt like a citizen on this strange, huge jungle island. I knew that I had returned because I loved this place and its past.

The Lae I had known was a noisy replacement depot.

Now I saw only razorback mountains and brown-green vegetation. At Finchhafen, which, because it had been highly developed as a port, was expected to become the new capital of New Guinea, I found thirteen teen-age Americans, part of the Fifth Air Force, guarding a warehouse, the contents of which would soon be shipped to China and the Indies. Commerce was desperately trying to ensure the civilian peace by picking up the material left behind by the war. Visiting Base "F," I remembered how the planes landed right behind the U.S. Coast Guard Station, at Dobodurra, which the Royal Australian Navy now ran. We had built it up into a resort, with living quarters over the inlet like summer shacks in the Adirondacks. I walked away from the destruction, walked down to where the "Liberties" and "Victories" used to dock at Langamach. And now the docks and the approaches were toppling. Burned-out hulks lay in the water.

The two-lane highway at Finch—on which, it was once said, "one could walk knee-deep in the mud after one of those great rains and still get dust in one's eyes"—had lost its U.S.I look. The chapel on South 11th Street, Finchhafen, where the soldiers used to sell each other aluminum trinkets, lay on its side. A crude crucifix had been propped up by some religious native as a memento. Half-blurred, humorous signs pointed to every city in the world. "New York, 10,000 miles this way" was stuck on a post, though the direction was downward rather than to the east. At Song River, as soft as its minstrel name, I met a few of the kid-soldiers on their way home from a crocodile hunt. I remembered when the soldiers hunted other game.

At Butaweng Creek and Mape River, the steel bridges built by army engineers were half destroyed, careening dangerously. Contractors from Australia and the Orient were buying up anything that was considered "surplus." The tent city of 476th Q.M. Truck Co. looked as if the occupants had left for a weekend. From there the men



had  
Japan  
I snai  
more  
heat  
nativ  
tralia  
soldie  
flora.  
ing t

T  
ceme  
thirt  
army  
a de  
a do  
shipp  
histo  
the I  
was  
a sa  
Ty  
fact  
New  
mise  
toon  
of th  
snap  
few  
no l  
anxi  
I  
the  
met  
in N





had gone on to the Philippines, then to Okinawa and Japan. A few passing natives grinned at my camera, as I snapped them walking half-dressed in army clothes, worn more for decoration than necessity in this ferment of heat and rain. I laughed when I saw a three-year-old native boy wearing a huge army raincoat, with an Australian Digger's hat for an umbrella. The half million soldiers had gone, leaving most of their trappings to the flora, fauna and Melanesian man. Progress meant removing these symbols of the past, of war and death.

THE whole scene was gruesome, a *Walpurgisnacht* of memory and emotion. Near by was the American cemetery, with the bodies of 12,000 troops, guarded by thirty-three teen-age soldiers only three months in the army. It was a dull time for them, in a dead land with a deathly caretaker's task. In the recreation hall were a dozen bodies, in gunny sacks, that the Australians had shipped to the American cemetery at Finchhafen. The history of one: he had bombed Lae when it was held by the Japanese in June 1942. Reported missing, his body was now in a sack, recovered only a few weeks ago from a sago swamp behind the Lae airstrip.

Two of the kid-soldiers came from Brooklyn. The fact that I lived in New York, and had come back to New Guinea, baffled them. Why should anyone visit this miserable place? With intense excitement the entire platoon dragged out their best uniforms, lined up in front of the broken-down chapel and gaped endlessly into my snapping Leica. Except for guarding the war graves and a few warehouses containing unsold material, these soldiers no longer belonged in the new New Guinea which was anxiously growing amid the remnants of war.

I finished with Finch and returned to Lae to continue the story of the search for the dead and the missing. I met Father Bodger, the English missionary who had lived in New Guinea for fifteen years. He had toured the

United States during the war, explaining the war of the jungles. Later President Roosevelt awarded him an honorary medal. Father Bodger had been attending the missionary convention. The changes the missionaries found were even more apparent than the enlarged pidgin vocabulary of the natives, mostly GI talk mixed with everything else not strictly theological or spiritual. I met "little" Wauri, the native boy who used to help me back to the ship with the stores from the commissary. Now he was a grown man, but still calling me *Tabauda* (master), smiling majestically. He was now a cook working for the Australians, getting two pounds more than he had received during the war. He had learned to read and carried a copy of *Life* under his arm.

Near Lae was bloody Buna's "Scarlet Beach," where native boats skimmed by instead of fast supply cruisers, amphibian ducks and crash-boats. A pile of rubble, hacked from planes, lay on the road running down to the beach, where many Australians had been killed in 1942. Even this rubble had a buyer's name over it! The natives were using the strips of aluminum, called "aluminium" by the Australians, for lacing the top of their thatched huts, for arm bands, for toy wrist watches and other trinkets of their native imagination. At nearby "Intersect," where the WACS used to be stationed, the natives were living in the massive huts. When they had built them for the army, they were always singing, their voices rising in terrifying crescendos. Now these huts were their homes. The road from Buna to Oro Bay waved like a wheat field. On this road I had seen an army captain killed, hit by an amphibious duck as he stepped out of a command car. Now there was only kunai grass covering the road like a green blanket.

Later I saw Lae itself, dirty, run down, its former military shine having departed with its caretakers. The bridge of the Japanese freighter which was sunk in 1942 still stuck above the waters, but the name was no longer visible. The petroleum docks where the Australians used to scrounge for spare parts were completely in the Huon Gulf. Lae had been one of the foremost frontier towns before the war, with a *real* highway—the entrance to the gold fields at Wau. The gold-mining machinery was still there. The Wau-Bololo Gold Mining Company was suing the Australian Government for a million dollars, said to have been stolen in gold nuggets by scavengers as the Japanese were about to descend in 1942. Though there was a trail through to Wau, the planes had brought in all the mining machinery back in 1936. It took a week then to walk the twenty-six miles from Lae.

The first American cemetery, adjacent to where the Bread-Baking Military Unit had operated, had been moved to the main cemetery at Finchhafen; but the tomb over the dead Japanese soldier, that I had first seen in 1943, remained, and his body was still waiting to be claimed. Along the Markham Road, leaving Lae, the telephone poles the army had put up were bent over with the weight of lush vegetation. At former sentry posts stood booths

without telephones. The road to the former air field at Nadzab, from which the Fifth Air Force had ranged throughout the Pacific, was dense with jungle growth. Nadzab, with its many miles of bays for hiding the thousand planes that once lay there, was a solemn spectacle of waste, decay and destruction, the broken twisted planes making a forest of aluminum. The bombers in their disarray, lacking the military sanitation of wholeness, were stripped of their engines and instruments—the ghosts of former aerial journeys.

In the jeep, I raced across the immense strip until I reached the center, where the B24's and B25's, the Thunderbolts and Lightnings still stood, poised in their surrealist madness, waiting for the destruction of time. Crippled, burned, their propellers at all angles, they added to the gutted aluminum wastes. Here was a civilization of disintegrating machine-made arts. Belts of ammunition lay rusted among bomb releases, neat as ever, ready for the lever's movement. Still on these planes, awaiting the junk man, were the old Varga decorations, insinuating sex and death at one lurid moment. Strikes were marked up in brown stencils. "The Jaded Saint" had at last realized its role, without wings or a tail.

Some weeks later I was back at Port Moresby, completing the history of the search with Squadron Leader Keith Rundle. They had found eighty-five planes in the two-year search and the remains of several hundred men. Now we were completing the search, going over the Kokoda Trail. I remembered its heroic history, the odyssey of men who had first stopped the Japanese. The Australians had marched over the Kokoda Trail to Wau, where they had met our forces coming in from the sea. "Hell-Fire Pass," this side of the Kokoda Trail, with the wooden bridge riding the gap below, had earned its name early in 1942, when Port Moresby was the last stop on the invasion list of the Japanese Army, prior to the conquest of Australia. That was the time that cows, pasturing in a field at Milne Bay, had frightened the Japanese on their way to Gili.

I saw Roana Falls again, near the red buildings of the sapphire mine allegedly belonging to Errol Flynn. The blood-soaked Kokoda Trail began where Roana Falls

tumbled into the Gap. Scrub-typhus and malaria had knocked out more than seventy-five per cent of the Australian forces in 1942. Now a monument stood there, inscribed: "In memory of the officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Australian Military Forces who died on the Kokoda Track in June-November 1942." Then a short verse: "To strive, to seek and not to yield." The Australian men who had gone over the "track" would know forever the meaning of this stone set amid scrub-typhus and malarial insects. So would the "Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels," as the Papuan carriers, who brought back the sick and the wounded, were called. Now the "angels" would, with an enlightened colonial policy, share in the democracy of this epitaph.

New Guinea had changed in the violence of its own setting. The South Pacific Commission, composed of the United States, the United Kingdom, France, the Netherlands, New Zealand and Australia, was now bound to redress past grievances. Within a year, two meetings had been held featuring discussions of native problems with special emphasis on living and working conditions. In 1949 another conference will take place, followed by the projected Suva Conference to be held in 1950. These conferences form part of the change wrought by a war. We, as invaders, had disrupted the native economy and, as in New Guinea, had swamped their culture with our machines of death. Now these are being welded into instruments for agriculture and the pursuits of peace. Prior to the war, progress had been visible in the tedious development of Port Moresby, a miniature town with few stores and government agencies. Now, the Civil Administration had imported hundreds of workers from the Australian mainland to teach and advise the million New Guinea natives in Papua and the Mandated Territory. It had taken a war to change the face of these islands, and its aftermath was bringing social progress, ironically, to the most uncivilized of peoples. They had instinctively sided with the Allies and had begun the preliminary tasks, during the war, by helping in the construction of roads, warehouses, docks, airstrips, and by learning to fight malaria. Through these efforts they had prepared the ground for their own future.





# The Tale of William Hurdt



EGON HOSTOVSKY

THE tale of William Hurdt, tailor, if not seen through the eyes of a senile madman, would be boring beyond words. I was able to see the laboriously verified history of William Hurdt in such fantastic coherence only because this lame old man of ninety years hinted, with his scant remarks in the convent garden, that all that which had befallen him was a punishment for his willful muteness.

Of course, my suspicions were aroused from the very beginning by one general opinion concerning William Hurdt. It was said of our tailor that he used to be strict with himself as well as with others, and I do not like to hear these words. I have a feeling that they are a cloak for nothing else but reckonings kept in remarkably good order.

"Just let there be an inspection!" arrogantly proclaim these people who are strict with themselves as well as with others. "Let it come; not the smallest of faults will be found!"

Such braggarts are right, on the whole, because even the most expert calculator in the world could not find their sums to be incorrect. However, it is as if they sensed that there are two kinds of accounts and as if, somewhere deeply within themselves is smothered the cry of a bad conscience: "You crafty imposter." It is not for naught that every little while they urge us to look into their account books and to approve the balance.

Seemingly, the tailor, William Hurdt, rather pitied his younger brother, Charles. He himself started to speak of him more often than his friends dared to.

"I heard that Charles is to be married. I sent him three hundred gold pieces. Let us not quibble whether it is money thrown away." After this resigned statement one would swear that William Hurdt is not a niggard. "His

future wife smokes in public, they say. Yes, she also belongs to the theatre."

They wrote to each other . . . at least three times a year. No one suspected how intensely each letter from his brother agitated the tailor for William Hurdt knew how to control himself. Barons and ministers patronized his salon; his wife was the niece of the burgomaster; his cook had cooked for the banker, Neumann; such palms which had more than once rested in the hand of the monarch pressed his right hand—he had to know how to control himself! He stuck the letter into his pocket carelessly, recalled a heap of necessary directions for the cutter, re-measured his new customer once again and went outside to smoke his cigar. Several times, as if by chance, his fingers brushed against the pocket which held his brother's letter. He returned to the workshop and then, without haste, made his way to his rooms. In the room where large portraits of his wife's parents hung (he was slightly afraid of those cold, threatening faces), he sat down on the sofa and for awhile played with the letter. He weighed it and turned it over in his fingers. Then he went stealthily to the door and turned the key. He would also have liked very much to cover up both portraits, those knowing, pitiless, stubbornly mute guardians of his wife's marital happiness.

These strange actions of the solid William would surely have surprised all his acquaintances and above all his brother Charles. The letters with which the tailor performed such a mysterious ceremony behind closed doors were wholly innocent. Alas, too conventional. About like this: "The Lord be praised, I am well. I often think of you. Your gift was a pleasant surprise. As you know, an actor never has any superfluous money. I hope that you are happy and I send my most hearty greetings to you and to your wife."

Our tailor breathlessly devoured the words beautifully written in a flowing hand. His countenance was pale or ruddy according to whether he found or did not find that which he sought. He looked for regret in the letters of his ne'er-do-well brother. Sometimes he discovered it, and

EGON HOSTOVSKY, *Czechoslovakian novelist, is the author of two novels, The Hideout and Seven Times the Leading Man, which were translated and published in the United States. He has been on the staff of the Czechoslovak legations in Paris and Washington, and is now serving his government in Oslo. A collection of his four novelettes is scheduled for early publication in Prague.*

at such a moment his eyes glowed and the rosy tint of joy rose to his cheek.

He threw himself on the sofa, carefully arranged the pillows under his head; suddenly affrighted, he pulled his feet down to the floor and hastily dusted off bits of mud from the shaggy cover. He was not allowed to stretch out freely in this house and in this room watched over by the somber faces of his wife's parents. He pressed his fists to his breast. He was not lying in a comfortable position; he was hunched up. His eyes closed. He saw his wife's corset, saw the cutter, saw himself writing the accounts . . . bowing to the customers. Once during such fancies he even moaned loudly. Then he was immensely frightened. Quickly he went to unlock the door and when he returned to the sofa he was entirely his own self again. He seated himself properly and in a mannerly way. He did not even cross his legs. What was he thinking of? I will tell you:

They had both known her at the time Charles was nineteen and William was twenty-three. She appeared in some sort of suburban cabaret which had a very ridiculous name. A spoiled child, such a frivolous toy! "Run away with me," she whispered into William Hurd's tousled hair between kisses. "Where to?" She lifted up his head by the chin and covered his eyes with her forehead: "How do I know where?" At that time William Hurd stood on the threshold of a career. But even then William Hurd loved money. "Foolish child! Run away with you and leave everything?"

That night the foolish child ran away with the younger brother. How do I know where! At the same time William Hurd's money disappeared—not a small sum. Charles left him only a letter: "I will return everything to you; forgive me, it will be my misfortune but I love her. I am not a thief, I will return everything to you to the last heller."

God! Oh God, it was frightful! And most abominable of all—after some time the younger brother actually did return everything. Then, for the first time in his life, money was repulsive to the tailor. To be sure, the spoiled, foolish child deserted Charles. Eight months later she had had enough of him. At that time William Hurd answered Charles' despairing letter with embittered pathos: "I forgive you for what you had done but I forbid you ever to enter my house." (At that time he had no house.) Charles wrote anew: that he is conscious of his great guilt, that he knows he did not make up for it by returning the stolen money, that he wants nothing from his brother but understanding. That he, William, would also have run away from everything at that time if he had known how to love someone more than money and if he had not been afraid to take a leap into the dark.

Then things went from bad to worse with Charles. He lived miserably but they say he was not unhappy. (Let someone explain this to William Hurd!) People say that Charles is not unhappy. They saw him, spoke with him; he sat in a country inn over his beer, ten theatrical hair-

brained fellows around him joking, laughing as at a wedding. And with it all not a heller in his pocket. The girl for whom he had stolen deserted him. To what end had he come—he probably sleeps in a circus wagon, he dare not go amongst decent people—and yet he feels like laughing. Indeed! Well, this news really made the tailor furious. Is it possible? Aren't you mistaken? He even goes to church? Unheard-of insolence!

He never wrote for money. But William Hurd sent it to him of his own accord, at Christmastime and for his birthday. He wished his wife and friends to know of this. He also wanted them to take it badly. He defended himself against the reproaches of his wife and friends with an embarrassed smile which was to reveal his only weakness:

"What do you expect? After all, he is my brother. At any rate, he is not allowed to enter my house!"

If the walls of the locked room had been able to reproduce the soliloquy of William Hurd over his brother's letters, the family would have discovered an astonishing thing. It would have learned that Charles had ruined William's whole life. It would have perceived that the tailor harbors a deadly hatred for his brother. But why? Why? William Hurd himself did not quite know why. He thought only of this: that one night he could have stepped into the darkness and he had not. Because of fear and because of greed. That someone else went in his place and that this other one was not overtaken by a great punishment. But it had overtaken William. For what? Because he is respectable, solid, conscientious, strict with himself as well as with others?

William Hurd must be still. He is mute. Words belong to him in so far as he forms them into sentences within himself. But just as soon as they pass his lips they change beyond recognition and belong to someone else. They belong to the husband of the burgomaster's niece who has twenty thousand gold pieces in the bank and ugly pouches under protruding eyes. They belong to the tailor of barons and ministers, to the brusque master of the cook who used to cook for the banker Neumann. They belong to one of the most esteemed clients of the town bank: belong to all the devils, only *not* to William Hurd. That night, that disastrous night, if he had spoken himself, and not as a man on the threshold of a career, he would never have said: "Foolish child! Run away with you and leave everything?" Ah, only the walls of that locked room where ugly portraits of two disagreeable faces hung were witness to the helpless rage of a man who was not master of his words. This other one could babble as he pleased meanwhile; let his tongue speak what was in his heart. He did not have to say "brother" when he wished to say "enemy": he did not have to say "my conscience is clear" if he wished to say "I am unhappy."

William Hurd was already thirty-eight when a little man with a beard and a harelip came to his salon bringing greetings from the younger brother and great news: Charles was to be married. The tailor took his visitor into the room of his hidden secret; placed him in a chair



opposite him, brought out a bottle, two wine glasses and filled and re-filled them. He himself did not drink but only smoked. Blue-gray smoke engulfed the room out of which occasionally floated two morose faces in gilded frames like ones drowned.

"What do you know of this woman?"

"She is twenty years old. Pretty. She lived with George Hvezdinsky for about a year. That is his artistic name, you know; otherwise his name is Kominicek, the best tragedian of our company."

"What do you mean—lived?"

"Well, they slept together, if you please."

"And Charles knows about this?"

"Why, we all know about it. They are the best of friends—I mean, your brother and George Hvezdinsky." "The best of friends!"

"Yes. Charles is a dear fellow. We all like him. A frightfully sincere person."

"He gives everything away about himself, eh?"

"So, so—everything."

Sometime later something very unusual occurred in this same room. Behind locked doors William Hurdt tore open a new letter from his brother which, without a doubt, contained the news of the forthcoming marriage. A photograph fell to the floor. The photograph of a beautiful girl's head. Fragile waves of blonde hair, large, slightly astonished eyes, tiny lips parted in eager laughter, a dimple in the chin and dimpled cheeks. With contorted fingers William Hurdt picked up the picture of his future sister-in-law from the carpet. He carried it to the window and looked at it intently for an endless while. Something like an evil smile half lifted his lips; yellow, clenched teeth vainly tried to hold back the hissing breath with which a weeping whisper tore out: "Harlot! Harlot! Such a harlot!"

But absolutely nothing in William Hurdt's face was in accord with the violent curses. Grief, regret and hunger wracked the haggard features of our tailor. In his staring, moist eyes there was rather a trampled tenderness than hatred—no, no, the mouth of William Hurdt once again falsified words. That unhappy mouth, distorted by jealousy, if it were not accustomed to lying, would now have whispered something entirely different. This is about what it would have whispered: "Beautiful, sweet, dear!"

It was a secret meeting and took place eight years after the marriage of the ne'er-do-well brother. He asked William Hurdt to meet him, in a letter which differed from all previous ones—a letter crazed and despairing. Charles is ill, he needs a helping hand, his marriage is on the rocks, he would like most of all to hide himself from the world. But it is not possible to write about all this, he begs pitifully that William should say nothing to anyone and should come to visit him the following Sunday, Charles will be waiting for him at the station; he will detain him only shortly, only between trains. Charles does not want

money. He wants nothing but a few words of encouragement because he himself is absolutely helpless now and really at the end of his rope.

William Hurdt humored him. William Hurdt understood that a moment of significance had arrived and he comported himself accordingly. He will revenge himself. On whom? On his younger brother? Yes, but also on someone else, someone beyond him and above him. He was gloomy, solemnly silent. He had his hair cut before the journey, dressed himself in his black Sunday suit, but did not in any way take the trouble to allay the suspicions of his nearest ones who questioned him distrustfully:

"Are you really going on a business trip? Business—on Sunday?"

The cold was damp and intrusive and snow was falling. The whole world sank in a white mist. One shivered as if death had touched him if one but glanced out of the window at the whistling snow storm.

William Hurdt sat in the corner of the car. He curled himself up; watched the flight of the telegraph poles, saw the defenseless skeletons of trees and shrubs tossed about by the foul weather, and he smiled pensively. In his mind's eye he also saw an obscure figure as it waits mendaciously in the snowstorm; the wind tears the tails of its coat, the snowy dampness lashes it; far and wide not a soul is to be seen, only snowdrifts and the grayness of snow. He sighed as if the cares of this vision weighed heavily upon him.

When he reached the end of his journey his feet seemed to him to be somewhat heavy. Much against his will, a fear of the first moment came over him. Happily he had his cane with him; it strengthened him when he grasped its silver head.

And truly: at a small station, with the exception of the railway employees, only a single man waited. Long, thin, with a wide black hat, tails in the wind—just as William Hurdt had pictured him. The tailor wanted to draw on his new gloves. He also wanted to count how many years since he had seen his brother but he no longer had the time. They shook hands and kissed. In the moment surely both of their hearts contracted. "He wears a mustache," William Hurdt said to himself. "he never had this scar above the right eye; he is not careful of himself; he is unshaven, there is dirt behind his nails, upon my soul he is no beauty—and how thin he is!" All this he said to himself with a stubborn effort which barred the way to wholly different thoughts. Lord, but it was truly a complete stranger who touched the shaven cheek of William Hurdt with his cold lips. And he had an entirely unfamiliar voice. He stammered:

"I knew you would come."

They walked a few steps together and were silent. The judge and the culprit. William Hurdt grasped his cane more firmly.

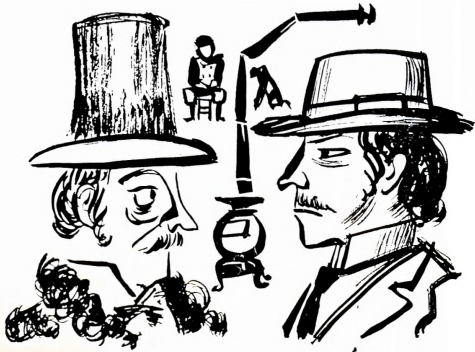
"Where are you leading me?"

"To the waiting room!"

Ah, this confused the tailor a little. He pictured to himself seeing his brother's erratic one-room lodgings; Charles sending his wife and children away. He will look about him for a long while seeking for disorder, dust, cobwebs; he will refuse to remove his coat, and will not part with his cane. He had prepared every word perfectly, every glance, every movement. But that for which he had prepared himself required a suitable frame of mind and an appropriate atmosphere. No, the waiting room of a railway station absolutely did not enter into the tailor's calculations.

They stepped into a freshly whitewashed room with several benches. Heat and the odor of wet clothes swept over them. The waiting room was deserted; only beside the red-hot iron stove a boy, about three, sat on his heels and played with a yellow dog. An ugly child, dressed like a jack-in-the-box in ridiculous too-short red pants and a blue coat with over-long sleeves which hindered him in his play, glanced fleetingly at the newcomers, cried out some sort of incomprehensible word and then immediately began to devote himself to the dog again. The beast turned over on his back and whimpered. The boy attempted to raise it into the air by its paws but the weight was too heavy.

A queer conversation began. William Hurdt spoke and heard—and yet he remained deaf and dumb. The words



fell away into emptiness. Vainly, a hundred times vainly, they strained toward harmony and reverberation.

"That is my youngest son!"

"So. No, do not call him. Let him be, let him play!"

"It is hot in here, take off your fur coat."

"Yes, very hot. We have about two hours' time. How can I be of use to you?"

Charles evidently said "Now!" to himself. And flushed.

"It is difficult, I'm afraid that . . ."

"Don't be afraid! How much do you want?"

"Why do you talk that way? You know after all . . . I wrote you that I do not want . . ."

William Hurdt gazed attentively at the black floor of the waiting room. The dog was whimpering again. "Dirty dog!" the child cried out. William Hurdt gripped the silver head of his cane convulsively. He began to perspire; really nothing else remained but to take off his fur coat. He took it off slowly, meanwhile gathering together all his

strength. He would listen very attentively. Yes, why not? But he will never find out what his brother had intended to say to him. He will not permit himself to find out. He knows the secret of counterfeiting words; he can behave insolently, he can ask impatiently:

"Speak clearly—what then do you really want?"

"What do I want! As if I could explain it in one sentence! Listen, I really am afraid now that you have come in vain."

The tailor sighed. The child turned toward him violently. Had he heard his sigh? The child left the dog in peace, opened his mouth a little and gaped intently at William Hurdt. Perhaps he was counting the buttons on his coat.

"Every single thing I ever did for you was always in vain. Well, speak out. After all, I do not wish to reproach you with anything. Speak calmly! Have you many debts?"

"None at all," said Charles aghast. "You do not understand me!"

"I probably don't. I never understood you. But that isn't important after all."

"Tremendously important!" Charles cried out, for he began to understand his brother's game, and William Hurdt thought to himself indignantly, "In the end he'll shout at me! Indeed that is all that I would need!"

"As you wish—it is important then!"

Charles looks imploringly into his brother's eyes. William endures that eloquent look; his conscience is clear, his accounts are in order, everyone could listen to him now. Charles is the first to turn away his head.

"It is in vain."

"What is in vain?"

"Every word. Indeed, you know it well!"

The tailor knows everything extremely well: he would like to confess, that bankrupt weakling, to whimper. Oh, how many times had William Hurdt himself longed to confess! But William Hurdt is strong, so strong that he will understand absolutely nothing. Yes, let his little brother tell about his messed-up marriage: about the fact that perhaps his wife is unfaithful to him, or that she is repulsive to him now! William Hurdt will interrupt him with a derisive question: "Yes of course, but for the love of God, how can I help you?" If he wants money, very well. If he wants me to take care of his children, well and good. Anything, anything, but not the word "understand," ever! On the whole everything is progressing nicely according to plan. Of course, that boy and that loathsome dog ought not to be here. The tailor does not like children. They say he never wished to have any. And as for dogs, he hates them.

"I would only like to know," said Charles in a melancholy voice, his gaze fixed intently on the ceiling. "whether you perhaps . . . Ah, no, that is not possible, that is nonsense!"

William Hurdt was startled. He saw whither his brother's words were aimed. For a moment he pondered. Then he decided to meet the truth to the utmost and, in the last instant, to turn aside quickly.



"Finish! You would like to know whether I envy you, isn't that so? It is quite possible. But whose business is that? I prepare accounts only of my deeds, not of my feelings and as far as my deeds are concerned, at least in regard to you, no one can complain."

Charles opened his mouth wide; perhaps he wanted to scream. One could see how despairingly the jaws turned over words condemned previously to die in emptiness. Finally, with the utmost endeavor, he clenched his teeth. And he was able to find a quietened, resigned tone which evidently surprised him too.

"I will not speak of myself then. Let it pass. We would talk much and would tell each other nothing. You would never understand me."

In that moment William Hurdt blazed up, the blood rushed to his cheeks and to his eyes; black circles danced before him; in them he saw the portraits of his wife's parents.

"What are you constantly babbling about? Understand, understand! It matters little to me if anyone understands me or not. I attend to my work, I go toward my goal. I know, I myself know that I do not have to be ashamed of myself and that is sufficient. I don't plead with anyone to understand me!"

Perturbed, Charles rose and walked round his brother three times in a semicircle. The aggressiveness of the last defiance sharpened his parched voice.

"So that's the way it is. I am almost sorry for you!"

"Thank you for your sympathy!"

"No, I'm really sorry for you. What can all your labor be worth if no one understands you?"

What did he say? An idiotic vision now flashed through the tailor's head. He saw two of his customers cursing at home before the mirror, trying on their new suits. Who did this? Who confused the addresses? They brought the baron's suit to the court counselor and that of the court counselor to the baron. Oh, good heavens, hadn't this actually happened? What? What is the little brother saying?

"... and what is your whole life worth if you are . . ."

He did not hear the last word—evidently some new insolence—because the dog started to bark. Shut up, you beast! And why does that brat constantly gape at William Hurdt as if he were a ghost?

William Hurdt also rose . . . in a dignified manner. Here is the fur coat. Most important of all is not to hurry. No cause for haste. Put on your coat in an absolutely leisurely manner.

The dog did not stop his barking and the child began to cry. Yes, now is the time when it is necessary to say something.

"You know, I don't mean it badly, but I think . . ."

"Well, I'm going." Charles interrupted him in an entirely unseemly way and he smiled still more unsuitably. "Forgive me if I've troubled you. Don't come with me, stay here. I will go alone."

Even now those words came from a distance, out of the

snowstorm and foul weather. The child was still yelling and the dog barking. As if the child as well as the dog knew something was amiss. But William Hurdt did not realize it.

IN the days that followed the tailor was in a bad humor. The plan had not been entirely successful. He had gone too far, so far that for a moment he had uncovered his cards. His brother had understood him, had seen through his game and that is what vexed William Hurdt. But, after all, William Hurdt does not know of any game (he repeats this to himself constantly). He had the best of intentions, no one in the world can reproach him with anything. Oh, the devil! Solving riddles in one's old age! Hadn't he asked point blank: "What is it that you really want?" And had he received a civil answer? He had not. It had all been very awkward, but certainly not through any fault of the tailor!

They no longer wrote to each other; one knew nothing of the other, jealousy melted away as well as the bad conscience, and time gradually covered up the truth. William Hurdt grew older and stouter and softer. When he learned that Charles had died (at that time the news of the death of any acquaintance excited him to tears), he wept and attended the funeral. It was only at the grave that he became acquainted with Charles' wife and his own nephews. He had no fear of them. After all, his conscience was clear and his accounts in order.

"You see, we each had a different disposition, we did not get along, but I liked him after all."

"And it is true that the deceased never spoke ill of you."

William Hurdt did not doubt it. The widow received some money, of course, and the tailor let the nephews complete their studies at his expense. In the meanwhile the flakes of time snowed under the truth once and for all. William Hurdt grew old. Strangers ruled in his salon but the tailor took no notice. The world changed but the tailor did not notice it. There was some sort of great war and after it changes in government; the prices of cloth changed, wages changed; but, the Lord be praised! that was the affair of the counting room and not of William Hurdt. The salon flourished. Hurdt's brother-in-law, the brother-in-law's son and the manager directed the business but the tailor was under the impression that he was managing it himself. He continues to go to the cutters; he asks what is new, fingers the cloth and complains that he has too much to do. People smiled a little when he spoke to them but the tailor did not notice it.

He had a housekeeper at home—his wife had died long ago. Twice a month the doctor paid him a visit. They played cards together and the doctor, evidently out of habit, always felt his pulse before departing, and once in a while begged the tailor to undress in order that he might examine him.

Every day he visited the same coffee house but he did not pay his bill because his brother-in-law did not wish it.

At the end of each month the counting room paid for his outlay. Once there was a misunderstanding in the coffee house. They had a new waiter and he asked William Hurdt to pay for his cheroot. William Hurdt became extremely excited because that insolent fellow evidently confused hellers with crowns. The manager of the coffee house took part in the dispute and sent away the impertinent fool. He apologized: "Everything is in order, Mr. Hurdt." But, nevertheless, the tailor noticed that everything was not in order; the guests around him whispered. They were relating something with laughter; it looked as if they were making fun of William Hurdt. And soon after, that terrible occurrence took place.

William Hurdt said to his housekeeper in the morning: "I will not be in to luncheon until two. I have an appointment with Mr. Kral!" To this day he remembers every word; he would stake his soul that he said this and nothing else.

He went to keep the appointment. They had made it the day before. Even that he would swear to! But Mr. Kral did not appear. Angered, William Hurdt returned home. The housekeeper stared at him.

"You've come back? But I haven't any luncheon for you."

"How so? I told you I would be home at two o'clock."

The housekeeper was silent for a moment, then she lifted her hand to her mouth in embarrassment. She smiled strangely, just as strangely as the guests in the coffee house had smiled during the scene with the insolent and stupid waiter.

"You said that you would not come to luncheon today, that you would eat at the Kral's house. Mr. Kral has telephoned twice already to ask what is keeping you."

"What are you babbling about?"

She stopped smiling, anxiously examined the tailor from head to foot, and then she whispered as if she were beginning to fear something:

"Upon my soul."

Black spots began to dance before the eyes of William Hurdt. An abominable suspicion flashed through his head: has not the whole world been laughing at the tailor for years already? People know something about him, some sin, some blame or shame.

"Telephone to Mr. Kral!"

A chilly unease contracted his heart. He went to the window to get a breath of fresh air. He looked out on the street. Down on the sidewalk a yellow dog ran about and after him a small, neglected boy in a red-blue suit. The dog lifted its head to William Hurdt and began to bark furiously. The child roared. The tailor's nostrils smelt the atmosphere of the overheated railway waiting room. Cold sweat broke out on his entire body. He started away from the window.

"The doctor is at the telephone," his housekeeper announced.

"What doctor?"

"Why, you wanted me to telephone the doctor."

William Hurdt was unable to curse, there was a rattling in his throat. He felt his temples with his fists:

"You stupid goose, I wanted you to telephone Mr. Kral."

She looked at him as if he were a ghost. Stupefied, she thrust her thumb between her teeth, her whole body began to quiver, and out of a clear sky she began to lament shriekingly:

"Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ!"

Two roaring voices flew at each other blindly, but the barking of the dog and the shrieks of the child drowned out everything else. William Hurdt seized a chair. At



first, he only wanted to lean against it but immediately after he lifted it a little like a weapon.

"Tell me what all this means, or . . ."

The housekeeper retreated before him. She dropped her hands to her breast and clasped them. She bit her lips and gulped down her tears.

"I don't understand you, I don't understand you at all!"

Don't understand. Those words had changed into a blow which struck down William Hurdt deep into the past.

"What . . . what did you say?"

The chair fell from the tailor's hand. The blood drummed in his temples. From the street the barking of the dog and the child's crying pressed in more and more obtrusively. With a superhuman effort the tailor tried to collect his crazed thoughts and harness them to words. But the thoughts, lashed by the thudding of the blood and maddened by the barking of the dog, resisted rebelliously.

"Please, go to the telephone and call . . . Lord, whom? Whom did I want you to call?"

He noticed that around each new word which he uttered the circles of horror widened. Even now he was drowning in those blackened circles and he was dragging the housekeeper with him.

"Whom were you to telephone to? Speak! Say something!"

"I don't know . . . I'm afraid . . . I don't understand you, I don't understand!"

The ghastly pale tailor again clutched at the chair.

"Chase away that dog!"

"What dog?"



The chair flew through the air, struck the window where William Hurdt had stood a little while ago (who had shut that window?). The shattered glass fell to the floor. The housekeeper cried out and ran from the room. William Hurdt began to rave. Armed with a new chair he destroyed everything that came within his reach.

"So you wish to revenge yourself on me! For one little word! Do you wish to crucify me on it? But I will not let you . . . just wait!"

People came running. Someone called for help. The emergency squad arrived. They had to use a strait jacket.

WILLIAM HURDT knew better than anyone else what had befallen him. He had not gone mad, only words had rebelled against him. And that was because, almost for his entire lifetime, he had counterfeited his speech. He falsified it for so long that finally it broke away from the reins of his thoughts. Words automatically passed his lips, unheard by their master's ear, unguarded by his reason, uncontrolled by his will. No, truly the tailor had not gone mad, rather on the contrary: he gained in wisdom to such an extent that, after the first fits of destructive rage, he stopped speaking and only listened. He discovered a terrible thing in his new wisdom: he realized that, so to speak, nothing had changed; at first he had not wanted to understand people and now he was unable to understand them. And only when he was unable did he become terrified of the world, of people and, most of all, of himself.

He listened to odd speeches more attentively than ever before. Like himself, thousands falsified and falsify



their words. For instance, they build cities so beautiful that the eyes fail one; but because they do not understand each other, in the end, they boil over, begin to wrestle, and in bloody fighting level those magnificent cities to the ground. What is their labor worth? What is their whole life worth?

One day he was resting in the garden of the sanitarium in which his relatives had placed him. In an unguarded moment the four-year-old daughter of the gatekeeper had found her way to the path. She pushed before her a doll in a little carriage and sang to herself. (You will still recall that William Hurdt did not like children.) He

looked at the little girl in a hostile manner. The child stopped a few steps in front of the tailor, eyed him fearlessly, then took the doll out of the carriage, stepped quickly to the bench and begged:

"Watch my dolly for me while I go to get a pear!"

The tailor was just about to dash the toy to the ground and to abuse the child badly, if the remark about the fruit had not awakened a strong thirst in him. He gazed at the little girl in astonishment, helplessly lifted the proffered doll to his knees and whispered:

"I would like a pear, too!"

"I'll bring it to you!"

William Hurdt began to tremble. For the first time after endless months someone understood his words. He waited tensely. In a minute the child returned and handed the old man two pears.

"The dolly didn't wake up?"

"No, she slept, she slept."

"That's fine. She sleeps so little, she worries me. Do you want another pear?"

"No, no, thank you, little one."

An immense thankfulness drew his hands together and finally entwined them. The lips whispered something or other, the Lord himself only knows what. A child was the first to understand him! He thought of the boy in the overheated waiting room, of the yellow dog; he picked himself up and hurried after his guardians. He spoke excitedly to the doctor about the railway waiting room and of some sort of boy in a red-blue suit and the doctor consulted with the relatives that very day. In the end they understood and comprehended: a young man came to visit William Hurdt and called him "uncle." It seems that he is married already. He remembers his uncle from the time of his father's funeral. And then it seems that he visited him with his brother about three times. They will never forget what he had . . . Now William Hurdt hastily interrupted him. Does he recall—it is so long ago—how once . . .

In a small railway waiting room? With his deceased father? A yellow dog was with him? No, of that the nephew knows nothing . . . and father, it seems, never referred to it.

As you see, our tailor had taken a turn for the better. He began to understand people slightly, but only very slightly. He became strongly attached to the sons of his deceased brother. In the end they took him to live with them. That means that they took him into the villa which, upon the insistence of William Hurdt, the custodians of his wealth permitted to be built for the families of both the nephews.

Those hands clasped in gratitude lie in the lap of William Hurdt even now when, in the convent garden, he expounds to his two old comrades:

"Only a few people can understand me now and I myself understand hardly anyone. I began to attend to it rather late, much too late!"

# ***FitzGerald and Thackeray:*** ***A New View of a Victorian Friendship***

PETER DE POLNAY

*This article forms another section of PETER DE POLNAY'S Into an Old Room, a Memoir of Edward FitzGerald, which Creative Age Press will publish in April. In the January issue of TOMORROW, Mr. de Polnay's "New Facts on FitzGerald and His Rubāiyāt" attempted to clarify the bizarre, mystical kinship between the agnostic, classical scholar and translator who lived in the English countryside and Omar Khayyām, the Persian tentmaker whose quatrains have delighted the Western world for almost a century. In the present article Mr. de Polnay throws new light upon another strange relationship, that of FitzGerald and William Makepeace Thackeray. As was pointed out in the January issue, Into An Old Room is the result of the most recent firsthand researches into original FitzGerald material. Mr. de Polnay lived and worked in the "old room"—FitzGerald's study at Boulge, Suffolk—from April 1946 to September 1947. A native of Budapest, he has lived in England since childhood, and is known here and abroad as the author of The Umbrella Thorn, The Moot Point, and other novels.—*  
THE EDITORS.

THE most important aspect of Edward FitzGerald's schooldays was his collection of friends. Friendship for him, as he freely admitted, was akin to love. If love proves to be the great achievement of the human heart, as it undoubtedly is, then FitzGerald's was a triumphant heart.

Among the friends of his pre-college days at Bury St. Edmunds were: James Spedding, a man almost without a fault; J. M. Kemble, Fanny's brother, who became a fine Anglo-Saxon scholar; W. Bodham Donne, who was to be the first Librarian of the London Library before he was appointed Reader of Plays; and William Airy, someday Vicar of Keysoe. With these friends, FitzGerald went up to Trinity College, Cambridge.

He came up rather propitiously, for at Cambridge, in 1826, were men who would become ornaments of the century. FitzGerald was seventeen years old at that

time, and even then one feels that curious yet jealous aloofness which was to become his stock in trade. He was considered to be of retiring habits. Yet Alfred McKinley Terhune, his latest biographer, conjures up a cheery life at Cambridge while the Cam, so he tells us, slips coaxingly through the Bracks. But FitzGerald left Cambridge an unbeliever, a man ready to shun society for good, and a vegetarian; so his time perhaps was not as cheery as the coaxing Cam might have suggested. Something definitely had happened to him during his stay at Cambridge. Young men around twenty do not easily become moral and physical recluses.

The answer to FitzGerald's transformation comes easy: William Makepeace Thackeray.

In Cambridge, then, the transformation came, and a curious one it was. At twenty-one he was already the completed man. It is true that his dislikes and intolerance increased with the years; however, one can safely say that the youth who went down from Cambridge had already that hard core which many decades later would instinctively frighten the Woodbridge children on catching sight of him. In short, he was the man who said to his brother John's grandson, when the little boy approached him, trembling: "Take that apple, child, and go!"

My conviction is that FitzGerald formed a romantic attachment to Thackeray; that, in fact, Thackeray was the object of his first *Schwärmerei*. (I use the German word because it is more descriptive of FitzGerald's attachments than any similar word in English.) It did not, however, work out as the romantic young man anticipated. Such attachments seldom work out as the young heart expects; and FitzGerald was as intolerant of disillusion as of himself.

It is not difficult to picture FitzGerald leading the average undergraduate's life. He was not keen on games, mathematics left him cold; he drank as the others did, went for walks and then probably drank more. In 1829 he engaged a private tutor; through him he met Thackeray.



Before going further, one had better look at Thackeray and at the baggage with which he came to Cambridge. FitzGerald's baggage contained Suffolk, trees, flowers, the Deben, the sea, Bredfield House, and a rich, overbearing mother. Thackeray's was of a different kind with the exception of the mother, for Mrs. Carmichael Smyth was as overbearing as Mary Frances FitzGerald, though far from rich.

Thackeray was born in Calcutta in 1811. When he was four years old his father died. Two years later his mother sent him to England; in the same year she married an engineer officer, Captain Henry Carmichael Smyth, with whom she returned to England. Thackeray went to Charterhouse School in London and thence to Trinity. He was gay, glib and facetious, the kind of person who would make a deep impression on a retiring quietist like FitzGerald.

His friendship with FitzGerald had a gay and noisy beginning. Thackeray liked to sing the "Friars of Orders Grey" and FitzGerald listened adoringly. Though Thackeray was the keener cartoonist of the two, in one of FitzGerald's scrapbooks we find a drawing he made of Thackeray. From the artist's point of view, FitzGerald did not by a long chalk possess his friend's facile talent for drawing. But one also imagines FitzGerald wanted to join in everything Thackeray did. He wished to be as jolly and facetious as his friend was. For Thackeray, Cambridge was a roisterous period, but his trouble was that he tried to turn all periods into one big slice of roistering. True, he could be sad, disillusioned and heavy with worry; in praise of him one can say that he did his best to hide that side of his nature, notwithstanding that he lived in an age of copious tears. At Cambridge, however, there was as yet no cause for sadness and everything was gaiety. FitzGerald called Thackeray "Old Thack" and was flattered in turn by being called "Yedward" and "Teddibus."

Thackeray drank a lot.

"I have," he informed his mother, "just left three drunken men whom I had much ado to pacify. I don't know the reason but I now (although I have only drunk two glasses of wine this day and that at 4 o'clock) feel half drunk myself."

It is an amusing conjecture that the three drunken men were his three great friends; John Allen, later Archdeacon; Groome, later Archdeacon too; and FitzGerald.

Archdeacon Allen recorded in his diary that one day Thackeray and he had a serious conversation in the course of which Thackeray burst into tears and decided to lead a new life. Of course, he never did. Thackeray was not the only one in tears that day; Allen and FitzGerald cried too, and glistening with tears prayed for Thackeray. So, one notes, FitzGerald still prayed in those Cambridge days.

FitzGerald received his degree in 1830. He went off to Paris to stay with an aunt and soon Thackeray joined him there. The Paris holiday was the culminating point of

FitzGerald's idolizing of "Old Thack." A year later when he wrote to him, "I see few people I care about, and so, oh Willy, be constant to me," we hear already the voice of a man halfway down the slope of disillusion.

Thackeray spent one more term at Cambridge and then left without taking a degree. The reverse would have been more logical, for it should not be forgotten that Thackeray was two years younger than FitzGerald. And now the question is: what did that deep love and affection leave behind?

Their friendship lasted till Thackeray's death, and even longer, since FitzGerald left five hundred pounds to Thackeray's oldest daughter. The actual result of that high wind of love can be found in a letter FitzGerald wrote to Allen, saying that he, FitzGerald, would become a great bear having many Utopian ideas about society. The Utopian ideas were simply that he would shun society altogether, and one must admit he succeeded completely.

For FitzGerald was, by then, a disillusioned man. After all, Thackeray could not give him those high qualities of mind and soul which the infatuated youth demanded. Not only in youth, but throughout his later life, FitzGerald strove for perfection. At Cambridge, certainly in Paris, he must have noticed the seamy side of Thackeray's character. Though Thackeray had a great heart, was kind and generous, he was a snob of the first order. He could not resist the company of the rich and the titled. He ran after them, flattered and fawned upon them.

That vein of snobbism is a harmless if naïve one. One smiles at the snob or pities him, but FitzGerald had not the gift of the patient smile. Also, FitzGerald was eaten by jealousy. Thackeray lacked jealousy. When Thackeray left Cambridge for his home at Weymouth, FitzGerald refused to go and see him. There was a grain of charming, though now and then irritating, pouting in all FitzGerald's loves and friendships. No, he would not go and see his friend; yes, the friend must be with him and nobody else. One day he and Posh (John Fletcher, the fisherman who was such a close companion of his later years) were walking along the pier at Lowestoft. A man went up to Posh and the two of them stood for a while talking of wind, fish, tide and similar topics. FitzGerald suddenly took Posh by the arm and pulled him away, saying, "This is my guest." Posh's comment afterwards was: "He made me look a complete cake."

The FitzGerald of Posh's days was not much different from the FitzGerald who would not visit Thackeray. He could not get Thackeray out of his mind. While he was at Geldestone, Thackeray was at Weymouth. Evening came with that loneliness and longing which invariably prompted FitzGerald to take pen and paper: a long letter followed full of love and recriminations.

"Now, Thackeray, I lay you ten thousand pounds that you will be thoroughly disappointed when we come together—our letters have been so warm that we shall ex-

pect each minute to contain a sentence like those in our letters."

He goes on to suggest that they had better not meet: they would be too disappointed. It is seven in the evening, the appropriate hour for such a letter. He assures Thackeray he is not speaking in a lighthearted vein. His sister with whom he is staying is in the drawing room, while he is in his room ready to spin a yarn with his Willy. The anger and disappointment begin to fade and he chats away about Pope, Hume, Byron, Helvetius, Diderot and Shakespeare. He sees himself that his anger has gone.

"What have I been doing the last hour? Behold these verses, they are the fruits; for they never came into my head before: but the wind was blowing hard at the window and I somehow began to think of Will Thackeray: so the cockles of my heart were warmed, and up sprouts the following: I have drunk a glass of port and sit down to transcribe them."

One notices here a curious trait of FitzGerald's, the self-sufficiency of his longing. Usually, one tries to make an effort to end the loneliness of longing. It was not so with him. Distance was an important part of his love. Alone in his bedroom after a glass of port he was happy with his longing for Thackeray. It was complete because of the distance that separated them. Pen and paper were as good a medium of contact as an arm around a shoulder. One is alone with the friend, so alone that not even his presence can jar.

The verses which I reproduce are not good verses, but they prove how he could let himself go when thus completely alone with his friend:

## 1.

*I cared not for life: for true friend I had none  
I had heard 'twas a blessing not under the sun:  
Some figures called friends, hollow, proud or coldhearted  
Came to me like shadows—like shadows departed:  
But a day came that turned all my sorrow to glee  
When I first saw Willy, and Willy saw me!*

## 2.

*The thought of my Willy is always a cheerer;  
My wine has new flavour—the fire burns clearer:  
The sun ever shines—I am pleased with all things;  
And this crazy old world seems to go with new springs;  
And when we're together, (Oh! soon may it be!)  
The world may go kissing of comets for me!*

## 3.

*The chair that Will sat in, I sit in the best;  
The tobacco is sweetest which Willy hath blest;  
And I never found out that my wine tasted ill  
When a tear would drop in it, for thinking of Will.*

There are three more verses in a similar vein. "These are my verses," commented FitzGerald. "I have polished them a little more which has not done them any good." Nevertheless, they were sent off to Will who,

when not socially engaged, could also feel for his Teddibus.

"Goodbye now, dear FitzGerald," he once wrote. "Write me a letter soon, for the warm weather is coming and I am growing romantic—God bless you." Thackeray could be more matter of fact: "Now I have been making myself a glass of punch and here is your health. God bless you, my dear old boy, and may you and I drink many glasses of punch together."

By the time *Vanity Fair* appeared, the friendship had turned into a smooth but distant one. FitzGerald was in Suffolk, Thackeray in London. FitzGerald would spend his evenings alone or in the company of parson, farmer, solicitor and bank clerk, whereas his Will feverishly allowed himself to be lionized. Having said that the Englishman dearly loves a lord, Thackeray loved lords as dearly as any of his fellow countrymen. FitzGerald, on the other hand, did not care for lords. He was completely bereft of extrovert snobbery. Perhaps it was because of introvert snobbery that he often preferred the company of his social inferiors whom he could more easily dominate.

There is the well-known story of a man at a gathering who boasted of the dukes and marquesses he knew. FitzGerald tired of his talk and rose to leave the room. At the door he stopped, his countenance turned melancholy, and in a sad voice said, "I once knew a lord too, but he is dead."

THE years followed each other, the friendship remained with the distance growing. In 1848 Thackeray, in one of his countless letters to Mrs. Brookfield, his lover and the wife of a fellow-student at Cambridge, said: "I went to see dear old FitzGerald yesterday. I have cared for him tenderly and with a noble affection for twenty years. When we first became friends I had not learnt to love a woman."

FitzGerald never had either, but if he thought of Mrs. Thackeray and Mrs. Brookfield he could not have felt that he had missed much.

It is surprising yet characteristic of FitzGerald that he refused to admit or understand that beneath Thackeray's social lion's mane were often qualms, and a capacity for despising himself. It was not to FitzGerald (probably he was too proud to do so) that Thackeray wrote: "The other day somebody in Harley Street with whom I couldn't dine because I promised them at home said, 'You won't come because we haven't got a lord.'"

FitzGerald would have been delighted and moved if his friend had written that self-abasing letter to him. He refused to admit that Thackeray was not wholly the lion. He told Frederick Tennyson, the poet's brother, that Thackeray moved in such a great world that he was afraid of him and that Thackeray and he were content to regard each other at a distance. The distance, however, was mostly of FitzGerald's making. Oh, if Willy



had remained with him for always, always—alone with him and completely with him. Yet in 1851 he went to stay with Thackeray. He was not, with his jealousy, frustration and love, an easy guest to look after. Bears should not embrace too hard and FitzGerald's charm and failing was that he would take into his huge grip those he loved.

One cannot blame Thackeray if FitzGerald wanted more than Thackeray could give. FitzGerald's heart was a complicated affair. It could rejoice with Thackeray who, because he was a fundamentally worried man, rejoiced all the time, but then it had to lacerate itself. One day in 1852 he suddenly burned Thackeray's cherished letters. As the letters burned so the flames, in the shape of a knife, must have stabbed deep into his heart. He wrote from Boule the following explanation:

"My dear old Thackeray,

"I have been looking over a heap of your letters—from the first in 1831 to the last of some months back—and what do you think I have done with the greater part?—why, burnt them!—with great remorse, I assure you; but I had two good reasons—first, I am rather *ashamed* (and nothing else) of your repeated and magnanimously blind overestimate of myself; and secondly, I thought that if I were to die before setting my house in order those letters might fall into unwise hands, and perhaps (now you are become famous) get published according to the vile fashion of the day.

"But I have cut out and preserved many parts of these letters, which you shall see when you come to spend those celebrated 'two days' here which I really do want you to come and spend some time in the summer. You laugh at *time* I specify: but I assure you it is on your account I do so—you would be very weary of more on many accounts. I will make no Lion of you. . . ."

FitzGerald's dig about the lion was irresistible.

In the same letter he told Thackeray that he was making his will and would leave five hundred pounds to his daughters. If Thackeray died first, he would look after them. The letter ends with these words: "Goodbye, my dearest old Thackeray. As I get older I don't get colder, I believe: which is lucky you will think." Thackeray must have considered dining with Lady Molesworth or the Rothschilds lucky too.

The contrast in their lives was immense: success and the urbanity of polite London on one side and the howling winds of Boule on the other. "But goodbye, goodbye, my dear old Thackeray," FitzGerald would cry, "and believe (for I can assert) that I am while I live yrs ever." But somehow it never is goodbye. He wants Thackeray's portrait, he must write on, for it is such a comfort to talk to Will, even if one has to leave unsmoked half the

cigar one is burning to his memory. "My dear Thackeray, I wonder if this sentimentality bores you!" By then the distance between them was indeed great: Thackeray was in America.

Thackeray was now a sick man, fighting hard with American trips and lectures in order to find enough



money to leave his daughters comfortably off. It was encouraging for him to know that his old Teddibus would stand by his daughters. Thackeray's great gusto was dying, and he too thought of death.

"Isn't it better," he asked, but not of FitzGerald, "to blow the light out than sit among the broken meats and collapsed jellies and vapid heeltaps?" Had he put that question to him, FitzGerald would have cried over it and kissed the paper; the barrier he had built up between "Old Thack" and himself would have collapsed. Alas, one seldom puts the question to the person who might not only have the right answer but the gift to enjoy the question.

Thackeray's life was reaching its end, and even a few hard inches from the grave he was unaware that he was in an indirect manner one of the inspirers of the *Rubāiyāt*. Yet he was, for the early FitzGerald was driven because of him into the cave of the crotchety recluse. It was the recluse, grumpy and dissatisfied with his beloved Will, who one day began to dream of the sensual shapes of the East while the wind whipped the German Ocean.

Thackeray died in 1863. His light did not quite go out, for FitzGerald carried it till his own went out too. Probably he never knew that when Anne Thackeray asked her father who had been his most beloved friend, Thackeray answered, "There was Old Fitz and I was very fond of Brookfield once." Then after a short silence, he added, "We shall be very good friends in hell together."



# Charles A. Beard: Wayward Liberal

PETER R. LEVIN

THE history of liberalism in America is an epic of sorrow. Seemingly incapable of long-range unity, liberals usually fall out among themselves. And yet every successful advance in American history has been at the expense of a separation within the liberal ranks. The November elections are an immediate illustration. Some liberals crusaded for Henry Wallace, others fought by the side of Americans for Democratic Action, a few retreated into the Socialist Party. Most of them, however, stuck their heads in the sand and waited for the inevitable wave of conservatism. Similarly, we remember the liberals' intoxication with panaceas. Fifty years ago the reformers in the Populist movement weakened their party at the expense of "free" silver, and little more than a decade ago our young men were intensely vowing never to take up arms again in a foreign war. These attitudes we can consider merely philosophic risks of the faith. It is the liberal gone sour who causes us the most pain: the liberal who led during the lean years, formulating the faith, reinforcing it for the day of power—only to turn away embittered because liberalism in power is shaped not so much according to closed theoretical systems or personal whim as by the contours of history. And such, strangely enough, seems to have been the case of Charles Austin Beard.

Beard was perhaps the most influential American historian of his time. As a scholar, teacher, and writer, he spoke with authority on administration, government and municipal planning, and later on American history. He held presidencies in the learned societies of political science and history. For better than a generation, he was reckoned among the leaders of American liberal thought, even if his own brand always contained ingredients that other liberals used warily. Before his death a few months ago, the press referred consistently to him as the "dean of American historians," even if his hegemony was not universally acknowledged. His fame was international. Not since John Fiske had a "student of history"—as Beard modestly described himself—distributed his knowledge and ideas so widely and with such monetary profit outside the academic circle. Probably millions of students

learned the shape of the United States from Beard's textbooks, from other texts based upon his and from teachers fed on Beardian food. He had a hand in more than fifty books, not to mention the hundreds he supervised or examined critically in advance of publication.

In one sense, his life was testimony to the American legend of success-from-humble-beginnings, upon which he had commented sarcastically more than once. Beard, a product of rural Indiana, found himself acclaimed before his death as an authority whose slightest opinion received international attention. It is a rare professor of politics who can be called, as Perry Miller has called Beard, a "seminal force" in educating a nation in the meaning of its constitution and history. If we deny his greatness, we cannot deny his importance. His *Rise of American Civilization* (1927) and *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* (1913) entitle him to that minimum of acclaim.

Yet Beard was also an *agent provocateur*. His arguments breathed fire. He could contribute deep and frequently refreshing insight to a historical problem or a discussion of public policy. Beard went into a cause like a small boy picking a fight. He was truculently confident and self-assertive. The thesis he attacked was not merely disproved: it was shredded and stamped upon, and its proponents exhibited by implication as fools and knaves. Such methods undoubtedly made his writings more readable, more entertaining; and often, when Beard went after a standpatter, the sardonic thrust was perhaps justified. He put his views across. Still, Beard's sharp pen aroused the fools and knaves.

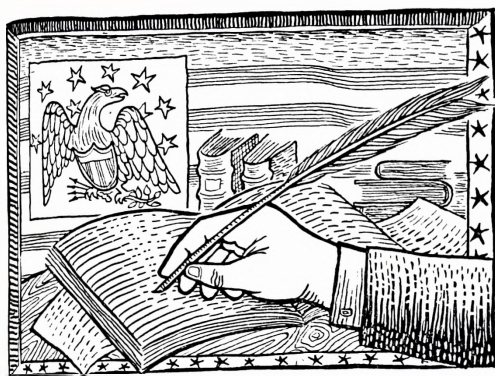
Beard's last book, *President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War*, is a typical bombshell which he enjoyed dropping into the laps of the liberals. Franklin Roosevelt, said Beard, had plotted American entry into World War II against the wishes of the overwhelming majority and contrary to his own pledged word. F.D.R.'s commitments were both morally repugnant and contrary to law; the strength of the Constitution had been sapped tragically, a dangerous precedent set. So ran Beard's thesis. His major allegations were almost old-hat, anti-Rooseveltian mud that

PETER R. LEVIN's essay on the literary aspects of biography appeared in TOMORROW last September. Mr. Levin is the author of *Seven by Chance*, a study of the vice-presidents preceding Truman who became presidents through accident.



had been slung so often that New Dealers and responsible critics of the New Deal had learned to observe the abuse with near detachment. They had seen the same charges rehearsed too often in the anti-Roosevelt press.

Both liberals and conservatives were amazed to learn that Charles Beard was the author of the charges. It was fairly common knowledge among liberals that Beard had never accepted Roosevelt as their standard-bearer. Most students of history knew that Beard had not permitted the global war to upset his ideas of a self-contained and insulated United States. The surprise was that the historian singled out Roosevelt as the destroyer of Beard's program for a dynamic America. That America went to war, proclaimed Beard, was due entirely to presidential caprice.



This was the surprise—and the pain. While reverence of F.D.R. is not the ultimate test of good liberalism, obviously most liberals still believe that Roosevelt was one of the prime movers of the forces that routed predatory fascism and militarism in Germany, Italy and Japan. Beard neglected this inexorable consideration in drawing up his indictment. Consequently, he entered the camp of the liberals turned sour. He joined John T. Flynn, who had helped keep the liberal flame alive during the era when “normalcy” was in fashion and Andrew Mellon was the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton. He joined Burton K. Wheeler, once a champion of sweeping reform and a vice-presidential candidate of the leftish Progressives of 1924, but in more recent years a senatorial obstructionist to international planning. He followed the example of Hiram Johnson, teammate of Theodore Roosevelt in the Republican rebellion of 1912, who remained a rebel far longer than T. R., but who closed his career in blood friendship with the oldest of the old-guard isolationists.

If Charles Beard differs from the other disappointed liberals, one reason may be that until his death he admired the New Deal's domestic aims and accomplishments. One of his last writings was a laudatory foreword to a biography of Justice Hugo Black, Roosevelt's first appointee to the Supreme Court. Indeed, among the back pages of *President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War*, we find a said notation on the collapse of the Democratic party “as

the party offering beneficent and progressive reforms.” (Remember, he wrote in 1947.) Although Beard's villain was Roosevelt, Roosevelt's villainy was not the New Deal but war; and the “domestic consequences of the war” jettisoned hopes for future New Deals. To Beard, the American tradition showed foreign policy dictated by domestic exigencies. He was persuaded that the tradition was sound and good, for had not the Republic succeeded, weren't its people better off than others, didn't they have more splendid opportunities for freedom, happiness and prosperity? Now all that was changed. “Two years after the nominal close of the war . . . it was almost academic to discuss domestic affairs at all, for they were subordinate to overriding foreign commitments, known and secret, made by President Roosevelt and by his successor, President Harry Truman.” In other words, the White House rooms were already prepared for Caesar, “with no divinity hedging our Republic.”

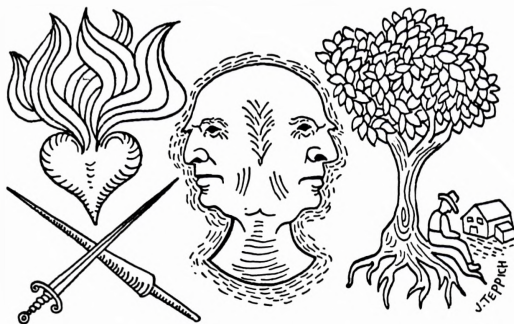
Beard's argument contained a certain novelty: Franklin Roosevelt was guilty, but liberalism itself came off with a clean slate. *President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War* and its ground-laying predecessor, *American Foreign Policy in the Making* (1946), belonged to the literature of embitterment. The earlier of the two books received cautious evaluation. Generally speaking, conservative and liberal reviewers, not knowing where Beard would direct his next attack, said in chorus: “It is uncertain as to what precisely Dr. Beard is trying to say.” The answer came, of course, with the second work. Yips of delight rang in quarters previously unappreciative of the old historian's talents. John O'Donnell informed New York *Daily News* and Washington *Times-Herald* readers that here was probably the most important book published in our land in the life of any man now breathing . . . one of the greatest works of history that this century has seen anywhere.” In the Chicago *Tribune* Walter Trohan, who later collaborated on the Farley memoirs, proclaimed Beard's interpretation “the most important historical work of our day.” A few years before, in 1945, Beard had stamped his approval on the manuscript of *Pearl Harbor* by George Morgenstern, a *Tribune* editorial writer.

Beard's friends inclined to write off this aberration to senescence, for he was in his seventies; to his deafness, though he wore a hearing aid; to the isolation of his farm home and historical laboratory at New Milford, Connecticut, removed as it was from centers of information and discussion, cities and universities. Other critics, not so friendly, saw in this final phase “immense vanity,” “pomposity,” “smug self-righteousness.” For Beard, who had occasionally predicted war in the 1930's, permitted a number of “I-told-you-so” footnotes to adorn his pages. Moreover, in presenting a debatable and possibly dubious version of recent events, he froze his conclusion into rigid finality: President Roosevelt, the book's subtitle announced, was “a study in appearances and realities.” That framework was a legitimate analytical device which Beard had given to historiography and used profitably



before. "Appearances" in history showed only the surface view, the obvious, the camouflaged word and thought, the sham. "Reality" discovered the driving force, the compelling urge, the fundamental facts. Beard's device was effective in his judgments of history and political science. But so far as Beard's critics were concerned, its latest usage, in a case where most of the vital documents were untouched and impounded in top-secret files, amounted to sheer presumption.

When we examine Beard's liberalism we find that he too is a striking example of "appearances and realities."



As a crusader he had an acute sense of justice. His vision of America as "a big garden and a good garden" was a conviction which he passionately upheld throughout his life. His hatreds centered around "The Myth of Rugged Individualism" and war, for these prevented the achievement of the good society. Early in his career his ideal was a collectivist farmer-worker republic, an ideal that was perhaps in part the result of several years spent in England among the Fabians and the pioneers of the British Labor Party. But when he returned to the United States to accept a faculty position at Columbia and later plunged into "expertism," the Beardian paradox soon made itself felt. For Beard, although he soon enjoyed a position of leadership in American cultural life, seldom joined those groups which attempted to make liberal ideas effective realities in American life.

Beard, however, balked at group action. One searches in vain for his name on the patrons' list of the great liberal causes. Not even in the Sacco and Vanzetti case, the *cause célèbre* of its decade, do we find his name on the roll of honor. On a larger scale, he rebuffed the firsthand opportunity of reforming government, in an arena outside the classroom and the textbook. Up to now it has not been public information that after the political demise of Wilbur Cross in 1938, Connecticut Democrats looked toward New Milford with the hope of enlisting a man of prestige and intellect as their leader. They importuned several times, offering Beard—his views on foreign policy notwithstanding—candidacies for Governor and the United States Senate, with nomination a reasonable certainty of election. He refused; and in his home state the party toward which he was generally sympathetic stumbled around, secure in the hands of local bosses.

At the same time we should not overlook Beard's capacity for espousing difficult or unpopular causes. Thus, in 1935, as a small stockholder he forced a congressional investigation into the financial operations of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, challenging that the officers of the corporation enjoyed large incomes but insignificant owners of the widows-and-orphans class rarely saw a dividend. Three years later he turned up as a "private citizen" before the House Naval Affairs Committee to denounce the administration's "big navy" program. One of Beard's most publicized acts was his defense of academic freedom in the superpatriotic atmosphere of 1917. Beard, then a hearty supporter of Woodrow Wilson and the war with Germany, tried to protect two pacifist professors in his department at Columbia. Because he refused to force them out, he made national news. And when the University fired the men, he won an unquestionable ethical victory, by resigning his professorship, over Nicholas Murray Butler, the Board of Trustees and many powerful newspapers which had been treating him editorially in language they usually reserved for the Hun.

There are further examples of the Beardian paradox. He urged practicality and hardheadedness in the formulation of policy and the conduct of public affairs. As set forth in *The Open Door at Home* (1934), Beard's views on the "ethical roots of policy" and the methods of pushing forward political action are said to have been a sort of primer to—Franklin D. Roosevelt. His tenacious adherence, however, to a policy that many political observers believed was isolationism (Beard called it "continental Americanism") eventually gave aid and comfort to the enemies of his own "collectivist democracy."

Take that astonishing contrast between Beard with pen and Beard without one. His students remember him as a man with a broad understanding of human personality, warmth and feeling for the individual. Sparkling humor, Hoosier shrewdness, the lack of sophistication that stereotypes the Midwestern hick: these qualities made him an immensely popular teacher. As he grew older and his hair turned white, he looked, with his sharp chiseled nose and bright blue eyes, like a Roman senator. And he moved and acted with quiet senatorial dignity. The townspeople of New Milford and visiting friends swear he never flared in conversation or lost his temper. They say adverse criticism of his work amused him. Apparently, nothing bothered him; he seemed outwardly at philosophic peace with himself and the world.

Beard in print could personify God's angry man. Time and again he belabored the Great Man theory of history. Armed with a hatred of imperialism, he chased Admiral Mahan through a dozen books. He had his reservations about almost every historically important individual. His forte as a writer was irony, pungent and well directed: but every so often his irony slipped into insinuation. There is the celebrated case of *Beard v. Agar*. In 1935 Herbert Agar published a thoughtful magazine article, pleading with Beard to abandon "continentalism" in favor



ok Beard's cap-  
causes. Thus, in  
a congressional  
of the Missouri  
icers of the cor-  
gnificant owners  
saw a dividend.  
te citizen" before  
enounce the ad-  
of Beard's most  
ic freedom in the  
d, then a hearty  
r with Germany,  
his department  
ce them out, he  
iversity fired the  
ctory, by resign-  
rray Butler, the  
ewspapers which  
age they usually

ardian paradox.  
s in the formula-  
e affairs. As set  
Beard's views on  
hods of pushing  
e been a sort of  
tenacious adher-  
olitical observers  
it "continental  
comfort to the  
y."

Beard with pen  
member him as a  
man personality,  
sparkling humor,  
ation that stereos  
ies made him an  
older and his hair  
chiseled nose and  
And he moved  
The townspeople  
r he never flared  
say adverse criti-  
parently. nothing  
philosophic peace

angry man. Time  
theory of history.  
e chased Admiral  
his reservations  
t individual. His  
nd well directed:  
into insinuation.  
v. Agar. In 1935  
magazine article.  
entalism" in favor

of a joint association of nations dedicated to peace. Eight years later Agar received his answer. For among the pages of *The Republic*, a volume which contained many of Beard's distilled political thoughts of fifty years, was a rattlebrained world-planner who "thought that Herbert Agar was the intellectual superman of the times."

Beard was apparently more sensitive to criticism than he admitted. Twenty-two years after *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* was published, after the book had become an established classic of American historiography, he continued to answer opposition critics. By then, Beard's exposition that it was the financial stakes which motivated the Founding Fathers to write the Constitution and then wangle its ratification, had survived all assaults, ranging from historian Albert Bushnell Hart's "little sort of indecent" to ex-President William Howard Taft's "Why did the damn fool print it?" In 1935, however, a professor at Williams College had almost incidentally suggested in one paragraph that Beard's history had "its origin, of course, in the Marxian theories," and that Beard's volume excluded "anything like impartiality." Stung, Beard replied to the one paragraph with fourteen pages of sizzling prose, adding for good measure some additional remarks in his introduction to the book's latest edition. From the day Nicholas Murray Butler mistakenly called the *Economic Interpretation* "the crude immoral teachings of Karl Marx," he, too, became a target. In the only mention of the late Columbia president in *The Rise of American Civilization*, Beard wrote that Butler "was personally acquainted with [Kaiser] William II," and guaranteed that monarch's peaceful intentions *ante* 1914. Beard, in *America in Midpassage* (1939), cites Butler as having praised Mussolini's "labors and policies in florid language."

SO much for the paradox, the "appearance." What is the "reality"? Wherein did his liberalism go wrong?

We can quickly dispose of the friendly explanations that have been advanced: senescence, deafness, personal isolation. No one can read the foreign-policy books without recognizing that Beard, despite his age, still possessed the same thorough command of research detail, the same capability of sharp thought he had always had. Nor did deafness prevent his writing *The Rise of American Civilization* and the later books. We cannot say he was completely isolated in New Milford. The mails brought him the latest professional literature, guests and students frequently visited him, and nearby the excellent facilities of Yale University were always available.

Beard's personal isolationism was of another kind—that of the agrarian and the heretic. His Jeffersonianism and course represented intellectual conviction. His agrarianism, however, did not eliminate his awareness of the factors of America's industrialization, the intricacies of modern corporate finance or man's economic drives. Beard was the contemporary historian who best understood the

American farmer. He understood agrarian hopes, fears and desires, and America's revolutionary usage of the agricultural arts. Unlike most present-day blueprints, Beard's collectivist utopia assured farmers a place *independent* of workers; he could never reconcile, in his economic philosophy, the agrarian democrat and the Fabian socialist.

Heresy is another key to the riddle. Liberalism is a haven for heretics; it grows its own brand and by its broad tolerance beckons outsiders. Heresy was a comfortable retreat for Beard, since, in a figurative sense, heresy was in his blood. His family were Quakers and his grandfather, going further, had split off from formal Quakerism. His ancestry was solid Republican, but at twenty-two he was at least a fellow traveler of socialism. His relations with the academic world were often explosive. Historians, political scientists and educators were perpetually reminded to "examine their assumptions"—one of his favorite phrases. He warred on the interpretations of economic theory ranging from Adam Smith to Karl Marx. "An economic theory is an empty abstraction unless you get down to just what comes under it and what is done and said under it."

A heretic is skeptical of whatever he sees around him, and Beard's approach to ideas contained inherent suspicion. (Even his dictum that written history is an "act of faith" involved only his personal faith in a heretical frame of reference.) If Beard had erected a shrine, it would have been to James Madison—to the perceptive mind of Madison the political economist, not to the colorless president of the War of 1812. Among the living, Mary Ritter Beard, his outspoken wife of nearly half a century and an independent historian herself, was undoubtedly the greatest single influence on him. Together, they thrashed out their separate works. Her militant feminism marches through *The Rise*, and *The Basic History* (1944). More than one close friend claims that she "has the keener mind of the two." One may doubt that judgment, but certainly theirs was a memorable partnership. Their collaborations, she once told an interviewer, were accomplished "by yelling! I'm one of the world's noisiest people, and so is Charles."

The heretic eventually merges with the moralist. Having castigated all evil in sight, he preached the way to salvation and grace. Since all historians are moralists of some sort, Beard should not be condemned on this ground. He believed in history as a guide to the present and a chart to the future. That belief accounts for his insistence that the cloak of mythology and mysticism which covered the past must be torn off, however ruthless or "indecent" the proceeding. He had a powerful emotional love for the United States. Many a literary session found him detailing the faults of the Republic and discerning its errors; but at his conclusion Beard always pronounced "American civilization" virtuous, its potential future glorious. His verdict was an "act of faith"; and he admitted it.

Yet the heretic who could not follow was, in his perverse

individualism, unable to lead. As a moralist, his sense of self-justification was immense. While the world moved away from those truths he had revealed to himself, Beard wrote the foreign-policy books, still believing himself right. His quarrel with Roosevelt was not based on a personal grudge but on the ground that F.D.R. had broken Beard's rules. Though he sought to maintain professional aloofness, his detachment was overcome by emotion. *President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War* had been intended as historical documentation of the old thesis, but it appeared as emotional "continentalism." The historian and the moralist fell into conflict and the moralist won out. The historian missed the significance of the new era, and of the evolution by which different means may achieve the same end. Unfortunately for Beard, his morality could not attain large-scale or immediate application. The course of history had taken another turn.

Those turns are the stuff of history. The tragic overtones to Beard's defection lay in his choice of the obsolete "continentalism." But it is at those turns that liberalism, attempting to adjust, has usually lost friends. John Randolph of Roanoke, erratic though he was, was a strong counselor during the initial Jeffersonian push; but when Jefferson as president discovered that fierce localism and unfettered individualism were insufficient to the business of building a promising nation, Randolph roared in anger. He stayed angry, and while not believing in them, nonetheless supported the reactionaries of his day. Civil War records tell us of the number of men who saw Satan where Lincoln sat in the White House, politicking shrewdly; Lincoln's was not their kind of liberalism. Since they had no brand of their own, in time they gave us the Gilded Age.

Thus we see liberalism's parallel history of sorrow. Every renegade has his reason. Some, as in the case of Patrick Henry, were bought off. Others could not abide changed leadership or revised directions. A few, like Charles Beard, still showed a hankering, in all their dis-

appointments, to face both ways. But the faith has proved more powerful than fallen leaders. Having absorbed the shocks of discord and the stupidity of panacea, the liberal faith has survived the deserters as well. Despite fuzzy boundaries and inexact meanings, there is no denying liberalism its strength, both in the historical past and the history-making present. If its creed cannot be explained in a series of declaratory statements, that is the least of its problems. Liberalism is a faith, better felt than articulated. In the United States it is a composite affair, made in part by heritage, contemporary need, and by the dreams of the future. Liberalism in America encompasses Jeffersonian democracy and Wilson's New Freedom, the "Square Deal" of the first Roosevelt and the New Deal of F.D.R., Lincoln's moderation, Roger Williams' anti-theocratic revolt, Jacksonian democracy, and now nourishes Harry Truman's newly christened "Fair Deal." In sum, liberalism draws upon many contributors, in varying amounts according to the needs of the moment.

What are those needs? How are they supplied? Beard knew. He had written of the process many times. One began "by formulating the frame of the desirable to be attained." Next one tested the desirable against the world, and since there was free rein, how much reforming would the world permit, where did it impose limits on the dreamer? Finally, one decided on a plan within those limits. Only then was action taken. But Beard eventually turned his back on his own formula. So have other soured liberals. We observe a great similarity in his last fury with a United States gone internationalist and in William Jennings Bryan's falling out with Wilsonian liberalism. Both drew too heavily on the agrarian heritage and not enough on other sources. Liberalism outlives the deserters, the weaklings, the easily disillusioned because it has weathered the tests of the past and because it views the road to progress with the vision that Charles Beard once had, but lost.





# The Cage

WILLIAM GLYNNE-JONES

THE little girl came carefully down the three steps leading from the porch. Her right leg was encased in steel supports and she walked slowly, painfully, with an effort that seemed to demand all the energy from her frail body. She thrust this lame leg out sideways and her whole weight rested upon it as she brought the other forward.

She progressed slowly down the garden path, along which lay the last dried, brown leaves of autumn to make a carpet that rustled and crackled as she walked.

The weather frowned overhead with a leaden sky, and the patch of garden on either side of the path had a forlorn character of desertion and decay. There was a mist in the air as though the heavens were full of unshed tears.

The child's eyes were fixed on the tangled hawthorn bush at the far end of the path, and she hurried laboriously toward it, her hands clutching the hem of her frilled and spotted pinafore.

A wind began to stir among the trees. It rushed under the carpet of dead leaves, and with an invisible hand tossed them high into the air where they sailed erratically like wounded birds in flight. The little girl shivered, and presently, when she came to the hawthorn bush, she rubbed her hands over her bare knees.

Stooping with difficulty, she drew herself into a dark tunnel of closely entwined branches that led into the middle of the hawthorn bush. This was her palace, and here she was queen. The bush grew like an inverted bowl over a patch of bare, brown soil—the palace drawing room.

Nearby grew a holly bush whose profusion of dark green leaves shadowed the hawthorn and protected it from the wild winds that blew in from the northern end of the garden. Beyond the holly bush lay a sloping field bordered by young birches and aspens and a thick wood of tall pines, which looked down on a river that flowed under a seven-arched bridge into a village of pink-walled houses.

It was here that the child played in the summertime, always alone, unwanted by companions of her own age

who had no patience with one whose faltering steps could not keep pace with theirs. Driven to desperation in her loneliness, she deliberately avoided the friendship of children, and sought solace in nature, communing with the flowers, the trees, the birds, and all creatures that dwelt in the fields and hedgerows.

In summertime she found pleasure in simple things: walking through a buttercup field to revel in the sight of her shoes dusty with greenish-yellow pollen; sitting on a river bank in the shade of a chestnut tree, watching the water as it flowed serenely under the bridge, thrilling to see it gathering speed as it hurtled over the weir in a curtain of crystal and silver.

She loved the river, for it spoke to her with many voices and constantly changed its dress like a woman of beauty and fashion. Never was it the same. Even the murmur of the water which sounded above the traffic and the chatter of women as they gossiped, arms akimbo, in their doorways in the early morning sun, would change at night into something eerie and frightful. In these quiet hours, as it bubbled over the pebbles, its many voices were as those of insane women chuckling.

The child's loneliness had been painful until she found the hawthorn bush. Here, her imagination had built for her a fairy palace peopled with royal personages clad in cloth of gold and silver, and with them she conversed.

With head bowed, so that her long, fair hair would not entangle in the arched roof of prickly brambles, she crawled into the middle of the hawthorn bush. She stood up, brushed her pinafore, and surveyed her palace.

In one corner she had made a miniature garden and bordered it with a row of smooth, white pebbles gathered diligently from the river's edge. In springtime she had planted daffodil and tulip bulbs and primroses which bloomed with the coming of the hawthorn blossom, drenching the arbor with their fragrance.

Now, the tiny garden was bare, and only a few withered stalks betrayed the fact that it had once borne life and sweetness.

On the other side of the domed palace she had laid a

WILLIAM GLYNNE-JONES worked for nineteen years in a South Wales steel foundry before he went to London to devote all his time to writing. Since then, he has published stories in *Esquire*, *Montreal Standard*, *Chambers Journal*, *Modern Reading*, *Strand* and other English, Canadian and American periodicals. He is the author of several children's books and a collection of short stories. In 1947, he was granted a Rockefeller Foundation Atlantic Award for Literature.

carpet of moss, and resting on it was a small oven built of stones, a thin, flat brick on edge serving as a door. Beside the oven was a heavy and larger stone half-embedded in the brown soil.

The little girl limped to the oven and opened the door, placing the flat brick gently down on the moss. Settling on her knees, she reached into the alcove and drew out a small notebook, the leaves of which had been cut from an exercise book and sewn together with white thread. On the cover she had written:

*The Queen's Diary*  
*Private and Personal*

From the pocket of her pinafore she took out a stub of pencil, then sat down on the large stone. She turned over the pages of her diary, noting each entry carefully. With unfailing regularity, from the day she was six she had entered her contribution to the notebook, and each began, "Dear God," and ended with the words, "I wish I had a bird."

For the past two years she had never failed to write to God, asking for a bird. Even her description of the first tulip to bloom in her garden—"I creep into its petals to sleep every night."—finished with the wish to have a bird of her own.

Once, she had found a youngster fallen from the nest, and had held it in her hands. The warm, quivering body and the quick heartbeats of fear had fascinated her. She spoke to the bird, and it seemed to her that it had answered. Her imagination had been fired, and from that moment she spoke to every bird that came to rest on the hawthorn bush.

But they never stayed long enough for a lasting conversation, and this saddened her. She wanted a bird of her own. One she could always have near at hand, with which she could speak without fear of it flying away: one she could feed; one that would fly on to her shoulder and regard her as a real friend.

If God granted her that much, she promised Him always to be kind to it, like the good Saint Francis of Assisi. And God *would* give her a bird of her own, that she knew. He never failed to answer prayers, even though they were written down in her diary.

This autumn day God had chosen to answer her. Placing the notebook firmly on her knee, she wetted the pencil stub and began to write: "Dear God. I thank you very much for listening to my prayer. Today my brother George is bringing me a bird. I promise to be kind to it like Saint Francis and I will never never make it sad. George is paying sixpence for it, but the sixpence is for a poor boy. Thank you, God."

She closed the notebook and replaced it in the alcove, sealing the opening with the flat brick. Then, dropping the pencil into her pocket, she patted the pinafore and slowly made her way out of the hawthorn bush.

As she retraced her steps along the garden path a tall, dark-haired young man hailed her from the porch. "Maureen!"

She looked up, and her eyes rounded with a question yet unasked.

The young man's hands were hidden behind his back. "Maureen!" he called again. "I've got something for you."

The child laughed. She hurried forward, unconscious of her lameness. "George! Oh, George!" she cried. "You—you've got me a bird."

"Sure, I've brought you a bird." The brother thrust out his arms. "Look!" In his hand he held a small wire cage, and inside it, fluttering wildly, was a pair of red linnets.

"Oh-h-h!" The little girl stumbled up the steps, her hands outstretched. She grasped the cage excitedly. "Two birds, George. . . You've brought me two!"

"Yes, sweetheart," the brother laughed. "One'll be company for the other, and they'll both be company for you. See?" He paused for a while, then with mock seriousness, said: "Well, Maureen, they'll have to have names, you know. What are you going to call them?"

The child was too excited to speak coherently. She laughed and smiled, staring wide-eyed at the cage.

"Lovely . . . two birds . . . oh, George."

"You'll have to name them," George repeated.

"Yes . . . I—I'll christen them tonight. And I'll keep them in my palace, George. They'll be my best friends, and I'll never be cruel to them." She held up the cage and peered closely through the bars. "They're linnets, George, red linnets. And they can sing most beautifully."

He chucked her under the chin.

"Sing, you bet they can, sweetheart. Sweeter than a lark . . . Now, come on, in you go. Ma's got tea ready."

**F**ROM that day the child's life revolved round the linnets. She dreamed of them by night, and in the day fed and looked after them as she would her most cherished possessions. The cage found a place of honor in the hawthorn palace, suspended from a stout branch in the roof.

Throughout the winter months, when the snow lay thick and silent on the garden and the fields, she would limp down the path three times each day to attend to the birds. George had thrown a tarpaulin sheet over the bush and had installed a small paraffin stove. She would sit before the brightly burning flame, and daily write her entry into the diary, ending with many thanks to God for sending her the birds.

The linnets, however, were not happy in their captivity. They still fluttered wildly round the cage, beating their wings against the bars, but the child, in her innocence and want of companionship, did not realize that they pined for their lost freedom.

She spoke to them and called them by the names she had christened them—Lancelot and Elaine. For hours she conversed with them and waited patiently for the day when they would fill the arbor with their sweet singing.



"Do you think they really are singing birds?" she asked George one day, a clouded look of doubt and sadness in her eyes. "Not once have I heard them."

"Of course, sweetheart," he assured her. "It's winter, and I suppose they just don't feel like singing yet. You know, winter is so cold and freezing. There's no sun—nothing. Why, even we humans don't feel much like singing at this time of year. But you wait till spring comes, then you'll hear some singing. Just you be patient, sweetheart, then one day those little linnets of yours will sing so sweetly that they'll fill the whole world with their songs."

"The whole world, George?"

"The whole wide world, sweetheart."

"Then I'll wait till spring, George."

"Sure, sure."

*In early spring  
When sweet birds sing,  
And zephyr breezes blow.*

Remember that, sweetheart?"

Spring came again. The red-berried holly bush had seen its glory, and now it seemed subdued in the greenness that sprang into life around it. The grass in the fields grew richer, and against the sky the young birches and aspens stood out distinctly with their bending branches and swelling buds.

The tall pine trees in the woods murmured in the wind like the sound of distant harps. The little girl still limped daily down the garden path to her palace, keeping tryst with the birds, waiting patiently and expectantly for the day when they would sing.

But no sweet songs came, and she was sad at heart. She wrote in her diary: "Dear God. My birds are not happy yet I do all I can for them. Please, dear God, let them sing for me."

Each day she wrote the same words, but the birds remained silent. They were as frantic as ever in their efforts to beat through the wire bars of their prison and were never still.

The little girl began to fret, and gradually her faith wavered. Her heart grew heavy, and in the peaceful hours when life seemed to come to a standstill around her, when she would hear only her own breathing and the agitated beating of the birds' wings, she would weep.

Once again she felt the bitter, dreaded ache of loneliness.

Then one day her thoughts turned to the birds themselves. She began to put herself in their place and to reason why they were unhappy. They were not lame, as she was. They were well fed and cared for. They were sheltered from the cold and wind. And yet they were unhappy, and wouldn't sing.

Why? she asked herself. Why should they refuse to sing? And then, suddenly, came realization. They were imprisoned, unable to move beyond the confines of the small wire cage. She was lame. The other children would

not play with her. But she had freedom! She could go where she liked—into the fields and along the river bank, and there find the happiness that had been denied her.

But the birds! Did they not also wish to go into the fields and over the river bank? Did they not wish to have that same freedom she was granted?

Without freedom there could be no happiness. And without happiness there could be no song.

There was nothing to do but to set the linnets free. That's what the good Saint Francis would have done, for he loved all living creatures, great and small. He was kind and gentle, and it was he who called the wolf his brother. If she must be like him, then she must give the little birds their freedom.

The decision was reached, but how painful to see its fulfillment! Day after day she crawled into the hawthorn bush, determined to open the cage, and at the last moment failed. The birds had become her only friends, to the exclusion of all else. Even the flowers she loved were relegated to second place, for with the birds there was constant movement, and they returned her gaze and appeared to listen to what she had to say.

The flowers were bright and colorful, and their presence in the little garden cheered her; but they were immobile and made not the slightest sound nor showed the least response to her conversations with them.

At last the day came when her decision, her irrevocable decision, was made. The night before, she had written in her diary: "Dear God. Tomorrow I am letting my birds out because they are sad and I am sad."

In the garden a cherry tree was in bloom—a bride adorned in her pristine whiteness. The sky was a radiant blue, and the clouds gorgeous in borrowed colors.

Slowly, the girl crept through the tunnel and took down the cage. Returning to the cherry tree, she climbed a small ladder which George had placed against the trunk. There under the canopy of fragrant cherry blossom she opened the cage.

The linnets circled round against the bars, and found the open door. With a sharp flutter of wings they darted into the branches of the tree. A shower of blossoms drifted onto the garden. The rustling twigs quivered, then lay still.

The child stared skyward, shielding her eyes from the sun. She followed the flight of the linnets and watched them as they settled on the hawthorn bush at the foot of the garden where they had long been prisoners.

Carefully and painstakingly, she climbed down from the ladder and limped back to the tunnel of branches leading into the bush. From the stone oven she took out her diary and slowly turned its pages.

The tears glistened on her fair cheeks as she wrote with trembling hand: "Dear God. Today I set my birds free. They are very, very happy and I am happy too."

And in the quiet hush of day, as she wrote the last word, the two birds sang.

# The Summer Sun Shining

REARDEN CONNER

THE woman stood in the doorway of her cottage and watched the man coming up the road from the direction of the village. He was walking slowly, with his head bent as if he were fascinated by the little spirals of dust that sprang up around his boots on the unmade road. He had a dented felt hat pulled low over his face, and he was dressed in the shabby clothes of a tramp.

The woman watched him intently, standing in the shade of the porch over her door. The porch was wreathed in the long, twining tendrils of honeysuckle, and a multitude of bees buzzed around the yellow-gold flowers, filling the warm air with a drowsy sound. But the woman ignored the bees and her mind was too alive at that moment to feel the drowsiness abroad in the still, almost sultry atmosphere.

She was a woman in her early thirties, but her dark hair had a tinge of gray in it already. It was pulled tightly back from her head and fastened in a bun, showing a clear-cut face with smooth cheeks and large, lustrous eyes. Her body was narrow, and her hands, folded in front of her as if she were in repose, had the broad palms and long fingers of a talented person.

Presently she heard the thin shout of a boy and she saw her son dart out on to the unmade road, trailing a rope of hay behind him. He was calling to the tramp in an eager tone, leaping up and down like a young hare in his excitement, "I thought you were never coming! I thought you'd forgotten the way to this end of the world!"

"It was a long walk I had," the tramp was telling him, "and the day is hot. There's a great weariness in my bones, and I was just going to sit down at the back of a ditch and rest my poor legs."

"Will you rest so," the boy said, "and I'll get an armful of hay and show you how to make a rope."

He was gone from the roadway before the tramp could open his mouth, jerking himself through the hedge on his thin legs. The woman heard the cry of him in the field and soon she saw him breaking through the hedge again with his arms full of hay. "Rest on the top of the ditch there now," she heard him calling to the tramp, "and

I'll soon show you one of the wonders of the world."

The tramp sat down on the ditch, heavily, as if he were very weary, and the boy cast the heap of hay almost at his feet. The woman watched the young hands delving into the hay and saw the leaping fingers manipulating it, fingers that were long like her own, as if they, too, held a hidden talent. From the porch she could see the shine on his eager face and the glint of the sun in his hair. His voice came to her, humming like the note of a bird, and now and again a ripple of laughter floated up to her and seemed to scrabble at her heart as if it were a living creature seeking admittance to her innermost self.

She moved her gaze away from the boy and studied the tramp intently. She saw him bending over, laughing freely, and watched him touching the boy's hair with his heavy hand. A pang of jealousy shot through her. She started as if she were about to leap forward from the porch and run down the road toward the tramp. Then she steadied herself and clenched her hands so that her finger nails dug into the palms. "Be still. . . Be still. . ." she said aloud as if she were talking to her heart. "There's a whole long life before him and no man can steal a single hour of it."

Presently the boy wearied of fashioning the hay into a rope. "Come on up home and have a bite to eat and a sup to drink," he said to the tramp.

The tramp nodded and slipped down from the ditch top. He stretched his limbs and the boy laughed merrily because the bones creaked. "I'm as old as an old tree," the woman heard the tramp say, "and one of these days the winds of bad fortune will be blowing me down to the ground."

She withdrew into the cottage as they approached, and she was busy with some menial task when the boy came tearing in, shouting to her in her shaded kitchen, asking her if he could have milk and bread for his friend of the roads.

"And has he come again?" she said to him in a tone that she tried to make casual.

"He has come," he told her. "And he is a weary man.

REARDEN CONNER, *Irish novelist*, is the author of *Shake Hands With The Devil*, published in America in 1934. His story, "The Saint and The Gypsy," appeared in the October issue of TOMORROW. Mr. Conner lives in London where he is now at work on another novel.



I think it must be that he has walked a long way. But I showed him how to make a rope of hay and the light wonder shone in his eyes."

"There is milk in the earthen jug," she said to him. "And the bread is in the bin. But don't be long now away from the house, for we have to be going up to see Mrs. Kelleher about the new hens."

"Couldn't we bring him into the kitchen?" the boy asked anxiously. "His boots are clean enough and there's only dust on the roads."

The woman stiffened. Her eyes glinted with anger and the corners of her mouth drooped. "He will never come into this kitchen," she said curtly. "A tramp is a tramp. The ditch is his chair and his table and that is how God willed it. So be it. Take out his food to him and let him be on his way."

But the tramp had no hurry to be on his way. For a long time, as she sat in the kitchen, the woman heard his voice and the merry voice of her son, talking and yarning. They sang a little song together, so that a thin line of pain crept across her heart as if a knife blade were being drawn over it by a torturing hand. The words of the song boared into her brain like pests into an apple,

*When I woke in the morning,  
The summer sun shining . . .*

Then the words died away and she could hear them talking in hushed tones, as if they were exchanging confidences. She listened intently, not only with her ears but with her blood and bones and her heart itself. But the words were too gentle for her, too far away, as if in some dream world which she could never reach.

The day passed and evening came. It was almost dark when the boy returned to her, and he found her sitting forlorn in the kitchen, her eyes wet with loneliness.

"Isn't it time to light the lamp?" he said to her.

"Maybe it is," she told him, thinking that with the coming of the yellow light the world would be shut out and they would be enclosed in a deep privacy where they could share the yearning things of the spirit.

The eager voice of the boy cut across her thoughts. "Is it too late to go up to Mrs. Kelleher about the new hens?"

She nodded. "It's too late now. We'll have to let it rest."

"I'm sorry, Mother. I forgot the time, and the darkness was coming before I knew the day was gone."

The woman was touched by his contrite tone. "It doesn't matter," she said. "It doesn't matter at all. Mrs. Kelleher can wait. She's an old woman and she won't be running away on us. And maybe the hens'll be all the better for being a day older."

She moved toward the lamp and fumbled with the wick. She knew that his eyes were upon her and her hands trembled. When the light sprang up, the sparse rays seemed to dart across the kitchen and brush over his face so that the skin glowed. She shivered with pleasure as she looked at him, and she thought, "He is the living

image of his father, Lord have mercy on his soul." Then the boy began to sing, and the song that he sang was the one she had heard coming from the lips of the tramp,

*When I woke in the morning,  
The summer sun shining . . .*

THE days passed into weeks and the boy grew restless. "Do you think he will come again?" he asked, fixing his round eyes on his mother.

"Is it the tramp you are talking about?" she asked him.

"It is," he told her. "Somehow, every time he goes away I think he'll never come back again. But in the end he always comes . . . only I can never be sure . . ."

"He will come back," the woman said in a bitter tone. "Whether the rain rains or the sun shines he will never fail you. And if he did, would it matter a bit and you having a good home and enough to eat and your mother to care for you every hour of the day and night?"

"It would be a hurt inside of me," the boy explained to her. "I'm longing for the sight of him and the sound



of his voice, I tell you. There isn't a man in the parish the like of him, and I can tell him things that I can tell to no one else."

"What things, son?" the woman asked, her face alive with curiosity and resentment.

"I don't know what things . . . just things that come into my head. Just things that matter only to me . . ."

She looked at him, sensing the evasiveness of his reply, and for the first time she seemed to realize the essential maleness of him, the masculine secrecy that could never be shared with a woman. She gritted her teeth and turned away and stared through the narrow window of the cottage, out across the garden where snapdragons dazzled the eye with their vivid colorings and where lavender made a misty sheet of blue against the dark green of a yew hedge.

It was like that always before the tramp came—the days of anxiety on the boy's part, the wretchedness in the woman's heart, the suspense of the hours that grew to tension. And in the end, the tramp walked up from the village, always with head bent, always weary, but with his eyes gleaming like jewels at the sight of the boy. Then the tension went; the boy trembled with joy, and the woman's face grew pinched and a weight seemed to press

## T O M O R R O W

down on her breast as if wishing to crush the life out of her.

But there was the day when the boy waited for the tramp to walk up the unmade road, and no one came. The woman stood under the porch above her door and watched him as he sat on the ditch top, staring down the road. He turned his head and called out to her, "Why doesn't he come, Mother? Do you think he's forgotten?"

"Maybe he has," she told him. "He's no longer a young man, and the old are inclined to have bad memories."

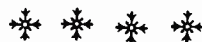
"How can you say that he's old!" he challenged her. "He's traveled far and wide in his day. He's a poor man, but he's a great man, too, for he told me once that he knew the secret of life."

It was a long and fine day and the boy waited in patience. But the tramp did not come, nor on the next

day, nor on the next. It was on the fourth day that the woman heard how he had been killed in a street accident in a town thirty miles away. "Now he will never come," she thought as she sat in her kitchen. "There is no longer the secret of life for him, but the secret of death itself. And I will never tell my son. Never . . . never . . ."

She looked down the road to where the boy was playing with a small dog, throwing sticks so that the animal chased them and shouting with merriment. "I was wrong," she thought. "It's not the old that forget, but the young."

She felt in that moment a fierce pang of exultation and her heart leaped in happiness. Then she bent her head, as if she were aghast at this sudden, unlawful joy. "God forgive me!" she said aloud. She turned and went slowly into the house, wondering at the power of love over the human heart.



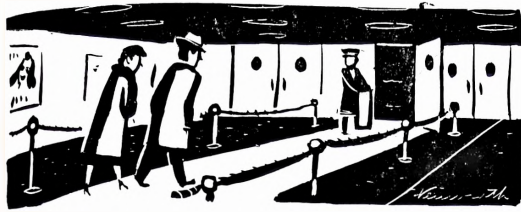
L O R D   D U N S A N Y

### T H E   W A K I N G   E Y E

Now sleeps upon a height in Palomar,  
Soon to awaken, that new eye of Man  
That shall go peering past the furthest star  
We know of, and fresh distances will scan  
To bring us news from those cold spaces where  
Infinity untroubled by our gaze  
Hides galaxies, like snowflakes in our air,  
Yet each as vast as all that night displays  
To one who wanders when the frost is fair  
On field and flower, and the bright arrays  
Of all the constellations shine and twinkle  
Out of the deep blue velvet that they sprinkle  
Where gleams the Milky Way, a silver haze.  
What will it find for us, that questing eye,  
In the bleak spaces from which Man evokes  
More information from immensity,  
More food for knowledge until knowledge  
chokes?



# NIGHTLIFE AND DAYLIGHT



HAROLD CLURMAN

## VANDALISM ON BROADWAY

UNLESS one resorts to such passwords as "a great show," or "the best play of the year"—which are not critical terms but part of the vocabulary of publicity—it is not at all easy to define Maxwell Anderson's latest play *Anne of the Thousand Days*. This difficulty must be attributed to the production and to the nature of the script itself.

Anderson's mature years have heightened his tendency toward a kind of sweetly melancholy skepticism. He believes in love, he believes in mercy, he hopes for freedom and justice, he admires courage and vigor, but he is rather uncertain of everything else. Thus the principal figures in *Anne of the Thousand Days*—Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn—possess a combination of characteristics that do not add up to an altogether definite view of them as people. They are willful, ambitious, energetic, cruel. Even their love is ambiguous—a mixture of cunning and desire. Henry VIII is a religious man who identifies the will of God with his own will. He appreciates the importance of the common people, and he is sure he knows what is best for them. He wants to build for the glory of England, but he is not squeamish about plundering its treasury and despoiling its land. He is not sure whether he is achieving good or evil. He has little real malice but his path is tainted with blood. He knows that what he has done in his life will assume an immutable form in the pages of history, but he has little clarity as to the total meaning of his deeds.

While this uncertainty—which is only a little less striking in the person of tiny Anne Boleyn who gave England its great Elizabeth—makes for a play that, at first view, seems vague in its intention, the significance of the play actually lies in this uncertainty. Henry VIII is Man himself! What Anderson is saying is that it is hard to tell what a man's life really means, that no man in looking backward over his years can make a true estimate of his motives, not to speak of his wisdom. "I am no better than they," Anderson might say of Anne and Henry. *Anne of*

*the Thousand Days* is the testament of Anderson's honest bewilderment over the mystery of human behavior. He looks at history from the standpoint of individuals only, and he shakes his head with affectionate sadness and confesses "I do not know; I do not believe we can ever know."

Such a confession may irritate those in search of clear answers and firm conclusions. But it is something of an achievement for an American playwright to be *that* clear, and to find an objective form with which to state his personal view of life. The form entails the making of good acting parts, several exuberantly written comedy scenes that have a distinctly agreeable sound on a stage generally committed to sloppy expression, some indirect but unmistakably satiric comments on the secular role of the church, and generally a feeling for dignified and robust theatre.

All of this would be much more telling if the producers of *Anne of the Thousand Days* really understood the play. The play's looseness (which, I repeat, is related to the nature of the author's message) is rendered altogether insubstantial by the production's lack of any artistic objective. The play is so staged that, aside from the rich costumes, one would imagine it were taking place in a mythical kingdom. This would not necessarily be a fault if it were intentional; but it is an accident that results from a failure to be aware of the problems of a particular style for the play's particular theme and quality. A curious vaporosity of atmosphere develops, so that we not only fail to grow increasingly interested in what the author is trying to communicate, but we slowly cease to believe in Anne and Henry as people. We take refuge in talking about the fine performances being given by Rex Harrison and Joyce Redman.

There really is no such thing as a fine performance of a vacuum. And except for obvious traits—a general lustiness and bravura that are supposed to represent regal power—the leading actors in *Anne of the Thousand Days* are not playing anything specific. This is not wholly a criticism of them, since both Rex Harrison and Joyce Redman have on other occasions shown their mettle, and

even here carry off their tasks with a professional aplomb that astounds the indiscriminating. But it is not enough to play a headstrong girl when one is playing Anne Boleyn, not enough to swagger and speak with easy command when one is playing Henry VIII. Watching Rex Harrison and Joyce Redman—no matter how much we may “enjoy” them—we get no idea of what their characters are supposed to convey in this particular play, what the author expects us to feel about them. “He is a king, and a gay blade, and the actor speaks his lines well—” is not enough to get from acting which one hopes will be creative. “She is a sharp lass, and the actress is sometimes cute and sometimes touching—” still does not make a significant performance.

Nowadays actors very rarely give such performances because to do so requires a kind of direction that is uncommon at the moment. Our directors stage a play fluently (without technical mishap) and see that the actors do not make gross errors of taste or of literal interpretation, but unless they try to find the critical and emotional core of a play, directors are incapable of eliciting anything beyond the conventional in such a play as *Anne of the Thousand Days*. And no matter how you dress it up or what authority the actors may have by virtue of natural endowment and stage experience, the conventional is what you get. The result, when the play is basically of a healthy theatricality, is still a success; but it is the kind of success that subtly defeats the playwright and cheats its audience.

A FAR more painful example of the inadequacy of our producers' and directors' approach to plays of quality is the current production of Jean Giraudoux's last play, *The Madwoman of Chaillot*.

Here is a play that may well deserve being called a masterpiece. It is a socially keen comic fantasy. It is a model, in one special vein, of what I believe the contemporary theatre should aim for: the discovery of concrete symbols whereby a vision of modern life can be conveyed through poetic and picturesque dramatic imagery. Our theatre today needs intense, sharp and dynamic expression of the artists' truly personal reaction to the spectacle of life as they actually witness it. Contemporaneity is important, imaginativeness crucial. The universal must be sought in terms of the immediate. *The Madwoman of Chaillot* is a poet's reaction to the corruption of Paris between 1939 and 1944. Yet it speaks not only of France but of Europe, indeed of the whole Western world and of its dominant product in this era: the profiteer, the man who thinks only of how he may convert everything into capital. These people, Giraudoux says, are machines: they don't “smell”; and they are turning the world into a flavorless, soulless place, which will die of dry rot before it explodes altogether.

Giraudoux imagines a woman who represents the romance of another era, when birds flew and flowers bloomed and people had manners, and love was something that

people believed in. This madwoman and her cronies live like relics in obscure seclusion where they continue to dream of the past, because the present offers very little for them to cherish. But when the madwoman sees a young couple threatened with extinction by the evil men of the modern world she comes to the rescue of the jeopardized pair. The only ones who understand the madwoman are the ragpickers, the itinerant peddlers, the discarded artists; they explain to her that there is little hope of saving anyone. The machine men are too numerous, too powerful, and they are joined in a great conspiracy in which all the forces of society are conjoined and interlocked. The madwoman realizes that the weakness of these monsters is their greed. She pretends to have found oil—which she hears they are seeking—found it underneath the very floor of her cellar dwelling, and she leads the evil ones to their doom: she drowns them all in the unspeakable and mysterious sewers of Paris!

Giraudoux relates all this with the irony and fancy of a man who does not believe he is describing a possibility, but merely expressing a wish. Giraudoux (who died in 1944) was a conservative, not a revolutionary, and he spins his yarn with the gay unconcern of a hawker of magic baubles. But his tongue is not only glib, his eye is sharp, and all his wild paradoxes and frothy palaver are a laughable distortion of what is literally true. He only pretends not to be serious. He tosses his ideas, like a juggler's clubs, helter-skelter into the enchanted night of his fantasy, in the hope that somehow or other they will end as a pattern of prophecy when they land before our eyes.

The play is replete with wonderful fun that makes us see the world through tears of laughter, enhancing rather than blurring our vision. How witty, for example, is the moment when the president (chief of the financial malefactors) advises his companion, the baron, not to buy shoelaces from the peddler who sells them at the café terrace since such shoelaces are only bought by people who have no shoes, just as neckties are sold by similar peddlers to people who have no shirts. How saucy is the scene in which the president is trying to find a commodity to set as a basis for the corporation for which he is ready to issue stocks, but which he cannot properly launch until he has found a name for it. And what Voltairian eloquence in the great defense of the monied class which the ragpicker delivers as a means of condemning it. The play is an unbroken tissue of delightful improvisations contained within a master conception of happiest inspiration.

*The Madwoman of Chaillot* is a play that might be done in any number of unforgettable productions by a variety of talented directors. But in New York it has fallen prey to that commercial destiny whereby one of the production units least equipped to present it adequately has been bequeathed its treasures. Aside from the near indestructibility of the script itself, nothing holds the present production together except for Christian Bérard's sets from the original French production. These sets are wittier than



they are glamorous, more picturesque than they are theatrically serviceable. The set in the madwoman's cellar is entertaining as idea and design, but not wholly successful in its arrangement for purposes of ingenious staging. In any case, the sets are an attempt to match the playwright's efforts. For the rest, the production is a disaster of flatness—amounting to something close to sabotage.

The disgrace of this vandalism is that it is not deliberate. The producer-director undoubtedly loves the play and appreciates its beauties as much as anyone else. He simply hasn't the slightest understanding of how such a script should be translated to the stage. Indeed he could not have realized that a production of such a play must be a *translation*, that is, a transference of material from one medium—the written word—to another—the theatre.

One of the reasons for this ignorance is that, aside from a few consciously trained theatre craftsmen, most of the audience—including a majority of the reviewers—are equally in the dark on the subject of what constitutes stage direction. Most comments on *The Madwoman* indicate that this present production is either regarded as an acceptable one or that the play itself is considered tedious! It is as if the manuscripts of the Mozart symphonies still existed, but no one was left to play them except the musically semiliterate.

For example: the play opens with one of the most scintillating speeches in any modern play since the early Shaw, a speech in which the president gives a commandingly epigrammatic summation of his career and his philosophy as a financial wizard, who has learned to turn unreal values into gold. The speech is read with ponderous complacency as if the author intended to portray a smug fool instead of a creature of electric intelligence and drive. The gendarme who sits down to drink beer at the café terrace and bets the gold button from his uniform against the madwoman is a type that must be played by a character actor like one of the men who surround Raimu in the *Marius* series. Instead he is played by an actor who is embarrassed at his own curious behavior, as well as by his proximity to the play's star! The life of the café is not created, it gives the impression of being empty and one that is not much frequented, whereas it is supposed to represent a teeming center of prosperity around which the suppressed people like inhabitants of a marvelous underworld flit about to trouble the conscience of the evil ones on their sidewalk thrones. This calls for a series of Daumier-like impressions; what we get at the Belasco is a collection of small part actors who have been made to feel that they are hardly anything more, because they have been given no specific image or outline to fulfill.

Finally, the madwoman herself is conceived as a kind of trim but musty elegant with a greenish tint, like a mask, around her eyes, as if she were a character out of some English Gothic romance. Giraudoux's madwoman is romantic in the sense that she is old and as real as Paris itself, with its dirt, its decay, its accumulation of ancient memories, traditions, defeats, wisdom. The madwoman

hasn't that movie glamour which reveals a once famous beauty upon whom an eerie shadow is thrown; she is glamorous because above the misfortune of her abject neglect rises the pride of age-long human experience—complex, majestic, triumphant. It is the essence of Giraudoux's conception that the spirit of the old Paris buried beneath the surface of the smart city must win out for a human order to be restored. In his sets—the first with its series of empty window frames rising and spreading in endless monotony like a throng of featureless faces; the second with its moldy riches thrown haphazardly in all directions like exploded and unheeded treasure—the designer has attempted to suggest some of this meaning. But our producers no longer know even how to read a play in terms of the theatre. In its transformation into show business, the theatre has become a dead language.

What our show business has to offer as this season's "best" are revues like *Lend an Ear* and musicals like *Kiss Me, Kate*. The first is made pleasant by the presence of amiable and talented young people—particularly Carol



Channing, a round blonde of generous proportions whose personality is a combination of night-club shrewdness and Rabelaisian gusto. There are some good dancers in *Lend an Ear*, a very funny travesty of opera librettos and operatic acting, a more usual but amusing take-off on the musical comedy of prohibition days. The show suffers from a certain imitativeness that verges on the annoying because one feels as if young people were trying to outdo their elders in a kind of cleverness that wasn't very hearty in the first place.

*Kiss Me, Kate* looks like a million dollars. As every American knows, a million dollars is a mighty attractive thing. How prosperity, slick *chic*, the confident air of success can be turned into fabrics, colors and lines is the secret of Lemuel Ayers who designed the show, but who didn't receive all the credit he deserves for its wide acclaim. I thought the show's tunes and lyrics rather inferior Cole Porter. Still I found "Where Is the Life That Late I Led?" a nice number, and the dancing of

T O M O R R O W

"Too Darn Hot" appropriately warm. The book of *Kiss Me, Kate* is largely a bore. Alfred Drake works hard to give it pace and Patricia Morison provides the adornment.

**F**AR more interesting, to my way of thinking, than most theatrical offerings are some of the more special movies one can see in the smaller picture houses. There is, for example, a touching documentary called *The Quiet One* which is an account of the case of a delinquent colored boy who is undergoing psychoanalytic treatment and a general cure at a camp that has been established for such cases.

In such pictures as *The Quiet One* the camera doesn't always keep pace with the complexity of background and events described by the spoken narrative. Nevertheless, the photography in *The Quiet One* is honest and sensitive: one gets a true picture of the heartbreak and depression of the most ragged section of Harlem. While there is no agonized attempt to produce a tear-jerker in *The Quiet One*, one is grateful for the compassion that pervades it. It has an excellent score by Ulysses Kay.

Sober and strong, warm and virile, are the adjectives to describe the Polish picture *The Last Stop*, which is a story of the women's section of the German concentration camp at Auschwitz. Considering the nature of a concentration camp, *The Last Stop* is done with unusual discretion, eschewing the too flagrant use of harrowing melodramatics or sentimental heroics. Still one gets a good idea of what a concentration camp must have been like, and for this one forgives the rather conventional ending. It struck me, too, that though there could have been no effort to cast the picture with pretty girls, most of the women who play the leads—the mature as well as the young—have handsomer faces than the actresses in our musicals and in our movies who are presumably chosen for their attractiveness.

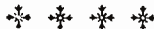
Perhaps the outstanding picture of the past months is

*Monsieur Vincent*, the story of the seventeenth-century French priest (Vincent de Paul) who was sainted for his good works on behalf of the poor as well as of foundlings. The picture is remarkable on more than one count.

You may admire *Monsieur Vincent* for the fine simplicity of Pierre Fresnay's performance of the title role, although I found it a little dry and, except for its intelligence and objectivity, somewhat lacking in a true inner stature. The picture is, after all, a portrait of a great man—another of this film's accomplishments is that one is ready to believe that its hero is a great man—but Fresnay induces respect without inspiring veneration. The really original aspect of the picture to me is its contemporary social value, the sense that this story of the past is relevant to the present.

When the Hollywood studios undertake a religious theme, one is usually a little disgusted, because, at best, they confound religious feeling with a religiosity that one knows to be hypocritical, sticky and reactionary. Or one is suspicious of an oblique and foolish propaganda in which the church is shown to be useful and liberal because it goes so far as to teach tough kids how to play baseball or the manly art of self-defense!

In France, where even the conservative and devout are aware of the political climate of the day, a religious picture like *Monsieur Vincent* is made of which even the radical can approve. In the first place, the tone of the picture is realistic—not phoney mystic; in the second place, there is a decent regard, throughout the picture, for historical truth; third, and most important, the picture's ideology is consonant with progressive thought. It is not easy to forget the picture's closing speech in which Vincent tells the novice nurse, "The poor are your masters. Terribly sensitive and exacting . . . but the uglier and dirtier they are, the more unjust and insulting they are, the more love you must show them. It is only because of your love: your love alone, that the poor will forgive you for the bread you offer them."



T H

**I**F comp  
about t  
ever prese  
phonograp  
fare. Reco  
men speal  
same affe  
stand toe

Espiona  
niques in  
competit  
offering.  
tion with  
facsimile.  
"Requien  
RCA-Vict  
RCA-V  
heritage,  
young, hu  
fied mast  
a couple  
Victor's p

One o  
warning,  
prices of  
to follow  
Victor as  
forgotten

Again,  
from und  
ing "Mic  
because t  
ment of  
fifteen ye

RCA-V  
Experts i  
in the ov



# THE RECORD SHELF



JOHN BRIGGS

the Columbia innovation as obsolete as a stem-winding Orthophonic Victrola.

Sure enough, two months ago, RCA-Victor summoned newsmen to a press conference. The revelation made there came as a surprise. RCA-Victor's new gadget represented the ultimate refinement of existing techniques rather than an innovation. The machine was an ingenious record changer, hardly larger than a portable typewriter, playing records a little more than half the size of the standard product, and the whole compressed into the absolute minimum of space with an economy of means that approached fine art.

Everyone fell in love with the new gimmick at its unveiling. But it was still a record changer. Unlike the Columbia long-playing records which delivered up to twenty-five minutes of unbroken music, the new Victor machine provided music in five-minute batches, with a pause, click and whirr as each new record dropped into place. And the new RCA-Victor turntable was geared to a speed of 45 revolutions per minute.

The implications of this simple fact—a turntable whirling about its axis 45 times a minute—to date have caused a number of record dealers to go out of business, and among record buyers have occasioned much head-scratching and the thought that it might be simpler to leave the radio tuned to the station that plays the best music, recorded and otherwise.

The new developments by Victor and Columbia mean that the record industry is no longer standardized. For fifty years the standard speed for disc recordings has been 78 r.p.m. Records and record players have been completely interchangeable. Any record could be played on the reproducing equipment of any manufacturer. Standardization was also international. A record made in France, Italy, Germany or Great Britain would give perfectly satisfactory results on a Philco, Magnavox or RCA-Victor player. European machines would handle anything from Bing Crosby to the Philadelphia Orchestra. Variations in the manufactured product boiled down to a matter of who had the best artists, and who could turn out the smoothest record surfaces. (There is a legend that RCA-Victor still keeps the formula for its record ingredients in a safe at the RCA plant in Camden.)

Columbia's Microgroove records introduced a new speed

If competition is the life of trade, no one need worry about the vitality of the record business. Competition, ever present among makers of the same product, in the phonograph industry attains the level of fratricidal warfare. Record makers speak of "the competition" as military men speak of "the enemy," and with approximately the same affection. No quarter is asked or given; the boys stand toe to toe and slug it out for all they are worth.

Espionage and counterespionage are highly skilled techniques in the record industry. Word gets out that "the competition" is planning this or that sensational new offering. Immediately there is a rush to get into production with the same thing, if possible, or a reasonable facsimile. The most recent example was the Brahms "Requiem," released within a matter of days by both RCA-Victor and Columbia.

RCA-Victor, earliest in the field and proud of its musical heritage, stands in somewhat the same relationship to the young, hustling Columbia Recording Company as a dignified mastiff to a puppy chewing its ankles. Columbia on a couple of occasions has nipped in a way that taxed Victor's powers of maintaining a stiff upper lip.

One occasion was in 1939 when Columbia, without warning, announced a flat 50 per cent reduction in the prices of all its records. RCA-Victor had no choice but to follow suit. Record sales boomed in consequence, for Victor as well as Columbia; but the incident has not been forgotten.

Again, last October, Columbia deftly pulled the rug from under "the competition" by unveiling its long-playing "Microgroove" records. The pill was even bitterer because the long-playing records were the ultimate refinement of an experiment conducted by RCA-Victor almost fifteen years earlier and rejected as impracticable.

RCA-Victor, stiff-upper-lipped, said: "No comment." Experts in the trade took that to mean that Victor had in the oven a sensational development which would make

## T O M O R R O W

for home recordings, 33 r.p.m. This speed, however, had long been standard in radio studios. It was adopted for the sensible reason that at the slower speed it was possible to get more playing time from a record. The two-speed turntable, revolving at 78 and 33 r.p.m., is today a fixture in radio.

Columbia's adoption of a turntable speed of 33 r.p.m. for its new long-playing records did not, of course, make the standard speed obsolete. There are too many collectors' items which are playable in no other way. Barring a wholesale re-recording of older material, which hardly seems probable, record collectors must continue to hear Paderewski and Caruso at 78 r.p.m. Also, there are presently in use some 16,000,000 standard-speed record players, a listening audience that will not be converted to the new speed overnight.

Introduction of a third turntable speed by RCA-Victor further adds to the confusion. An RCA spokesman conceded that "it is probably difficult for a layman to see why we get better fidelity at 45 r.p.m." This hardly seems an overstatement. Edward Wallerstein, chairman of the board of Columbia Records, was frank enough to say: "We are unable to fathom the purpose of the records revolving at 45 r.p.m. We do not see what additional advantage a 45 r.p.m. record can offer to compensate for the unfortunate conflict it appears to be creating in the minds of both the public and the industry."

The introduction of a third playing speed by RCA-Victor suggests the possibility of a three-speed turntable, or the alternative of RCA-Victor records playable only on RCA-Victor equipment. To complete the industry's confusion, both wire recorders and magnetic-tape recorders are beyond the experimental stage, and their proponents say these will enter the field of commercial recording any day now.

In yachting circles, sailors say of a racing boat that is so encumbered with winches, backstay runners, flexible spars, rolled reefing gear and so forth that there is hardly room for the crew, that it is "gadgeted to death." In the record field, Philco already is manufacturing two-way record players equipped for both standard recordings and the new Columbia Microgroove records. It seems possible that within a short time record players also will need to be "gadgeted to death" with special pickups, varying turntable speeds and wire-recorder equipment to play the records currently available.

What is far likelier is that one or the other of the innovations will become obsolete in a matter of months. Here the upheaval in the record industry reaches the level of bare-knuckled combat. Obviously the advantage will pass to that one of the industry's two embattled Titans which can most speedily convert the remainder of the trade to its own way of thinking. If other makers of records and record-playing equipment hit the sawdust trail with Columbia Records, and standardize their output so as to offer Microgroove and 78 r.p.m. playing equipment, leaving Victor's new records playable only on special

RCA-Victor equipment, it does not require a cloudless crystal ball to foresee that Victor will eventually be frozen out or forced to switch to Microgroove. (The Columbia people took pains to emphasize that all technical data pertaining to Microgroove records was made available to RCA-Victor, as well as to other record makers, before being released to the public.) On the other hand, if RCA-Victor's innovation captures the imagination of record buyers, Columbia must conform, and write off its expenses in developing the Microgroove as money expended in the interests of science.

At this writing Columbia has drawn first blood. In addition to Philco, the makers of Admiral, Capehart, Crosley, Farnsworth, General Electric, Magnavox, Stewart-Warner, Stromberg-Carlson, Westinghouse, Wilcox-Gay and Zenith record players have readied Microgroove equipment for the market. The 45 r.p.m. record player, on the other hand, is an involuntary monopoly of RCA-Victor. Moreover, at least one record-making concern, Mercury Classics, has announced its intention of entering the field of long-playing records, using the Columbia Microgroove system.

This is a matter of some importance. Mercury, although a relatively obscure record maker thus far, has access to a library of some 20,000 Czechoslovakian master recordings from the Czech houses of Ultraphon, Esta and Supraphon. These were brought over last year by an enterprising collector named John Hammond, at a time when the Petrillo recording ban had seemingly ended all possibility of making records in this country. They include such choice items as the fabulous coloratura, Erna Sak, and the Amsterdam *Concertgebouw* Orchestra, under Willem Mengelberg, which is considered the best orchestra in postwar Europe.

Against the initial advantage gained by Columbia, RCA-Victor has to offer the speed and simplicity of its new record changer, and the tonal fidelity of its new-style, fingertip-length records. Admittedly neither is as tangible an asset as having a majority of the industry lined up in your corner. However, these two features are not without their merits. RCA-Victor's new record also employs the microgroove principle, using about three times as many grooves to the inch as in standard recording. The recorded area is kept close to the outer edge of the disc. This is to secure greater tonal fidelity. The "distortion area" which occurs as the pickup approaches the center of the record is something that recording engineers will sit up all night to talk about. You can get the general idea, however, by recalling the old-fashioned brain teaser: Does a point on the hub of a wheel move slower than a point on the rim? The answer is, of course, yes and no. It is no if the speed is measured in revolutions per minute, yes if measured by the actual distance traveled. Precisely the same thing happens when a pickup travels from the outer edge of a record to the center. The circumference of the grooves is smaller and distortion (RCA-Victor engineers claim) is the result.

Another Victor selling point is that by using a small

surface near the more favorable a this writer, you to remember wh circle, you can p the outer edge o dragging across purposes of tone would be a with the grooves Thomas A. Edi industry on this because no one mass-producing retarding the c recording. Whe into the thous appears likely t ing out Vinylit

All of which adds up to a p junk the old 7

replace it with Margin? Or sh up stamp colle

Admittedly :

Record men ar

The customer



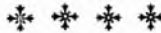
surface near the record's edge, the pickup travels at a more favorable angle *vis-à-vis* the record grooves. If, like this writer, you can reconstruct enough shaky geometry to remember what happens when a line is tangent to a circle, you can picture the pickup arm as tangent only at the outer edge of the record. As it nears the center it is dragging across the grooves at a perceptible angle. For purposes of tonal fidelity the ideal reproducing arrangement would be a circular disk, like a Dictaphone cylinder, with the grooves always squarely in line with the needle. Thomas A. Edison battled the rest of the phonograph industry on this point to his dying day. He lost, mainly because no one has yet devised a satisfactory method of mass-producing cylindrical records. The same obstacle is retarding the commercial development of wire and tape recording. When it is a question of record output running into the thousands and millions, nothing now in sight appears likely to displace the metal matrix, happily stamping out Vinylite "biscuits" at a mile a minute.

All of which, so far as a record collector is concerned, adds up to a prolonged sigh of, "So what?" Should he junk the old 78 r.p.m. record player? If so, should he replace it with Microgroove or the RCA-Victor Magic Margin? Or should he chuck the whole business and take up stamp collecting?

Admittedly it is a confusing time in the record business. Record men are jumpy and dealers are tearing their hair. The customer is, as usual, in the middle.

The industry, however, has survived other crises, emerging with a new and vastly better product, often at a lower price. The advertisements for Victor Orthophonic machines which appeared in the twenties make hilarious reading today. One would have assumed the art of recording had reached a plateau of achievement from which further progress was possible forward but not upward. Yet the record business was in reality dying. Its last "hundred-million-record" year was 1921. A decade and a half were to elapse before that mark was reached again. Meanwhile the moribund Victor Company was bought up by RCA, Columbia Records by the Columbia Broadcasting System. The introduction of lifelike electrical transcription, and the advent of record players equipped with electron tubes, made all the difference. Listening to music on records was pleasanter—and cheaper—than it had ever been before.

Similarly, one can discern rather hopeful signs in the present contretemps of the record industry. The new records, both Victor and Columbia, offer greater clarity and tonal fidelity. Surface noise is at a minimum; you have to listen hard to hear a scratch. And the new records are cheaper. Columbia's Microgroove records are about half the price of a comparable album. Victor's price is reduced 35 cents per record. An apologist for the competitive system could hardly find a neater example of the consumer's benefiting from the efforts of rival companies to put each other out of business.



ROBERT RESOR

### SONNET OF THE FLESH

I NEED no longer now to beat the sky  
 As drowning underseamen beat their hulls  
 With bloody fists, no longer now to try  
 The open arch of air, or envy gulls.  
 Past is my searching flight to death and from  
 My nights down coiling corridors of sound:  
 I kneel to fate, accept it part and sum,  
 I turn my pitiful breast to meet the hound.

The hunt is over. In this fallen hour  
 I beg no soft conditions, O my foe,  
 Except, this white heart witnessing your power,  
 You bare the beast to deal the final blow:  
 Come, archangel of all unmercy, come  
 And strike my eyes with flesh, and sear me dumb.

# BOOKS

## JOHN DOS PASSOS: THE LOSS OF PASSION



IRVING HOWE

NOT much of John Dos Passos' early work now seems worth re-reading, except as a prelude of things to come. Two of the four pre-*U.S.A.* novels, *Streets of Night* and *First Encounter*, are callow performances toying with the theme that the artist type, the sensitive and isolated perimeter-man, is in invariable opposition to humanity's dull bulk. In *First Encounter*, the protagonist, Martin Howe, views the war as a spiteful cosmic cheat; it has prevented him from enjoying the beauties of French cathedrals as, he knows, he alone can. The same feeling is suggested in the *fin de siècle* prose of *Streets of Night*. Actually, to speak of rigorously developed themes in these early novels would be a charitable exaggeration, since Dos Passos is not yet sufficiently alert to crucial social gradations and predicaments to be able to realize any theme in fictional depth. The two novels are rather the callow protests of a jejune aesthete, from whose attitudes Dos Passos cannot establish enough ironic distance to give his writing dramatic tension; the protests are simply there: raw, native, unworked.

*Three Soldiers* is generally considered a work of a different kind: a realistic war novel. Though certainly superior to Dos Passos' other early books and still worth reading, it is not primarily a realistic novel about war in the blunt sense that Zweig's *Case of Sergeant Grischa* or Stephen Crane's *Red*

*Badge of Courage* may be taken to be. *Three Soldiers* is another lament over the sensitive young man's plight, this time aesthetically significant because worked into a tight form. The novel appears to trace the fates of three American soldiers in the first world war—a tough city boy, a naïve farm boy, and Andrews, the sensitive young man—but one soon realizes that Andrews' desertion from the army is the novel's dominant line, in relation to which the stories of the other two soldiers are merely relief.

The novel suffers from a central weakness. A young writer's feeling that sensitive souls are trampled by society is not easily to be dismissed, if only because there is plenty of evidence to support it; but *Three Soldiers* never achieves the toughness and reverberating subtlety of first-rate fiction because Dos Passos sees the trampling as monotonously even-paced and unmodulated and the trampled victim as supine. Stendhal, too, understood that society would trample Julien Sorel, but is not the greatness of *The Red and The Black* at least partly in the spirited ingenuity with which Sorel resists society's boots? And is not the magnificence of that novel's resolution in the fact that by the time Sorel goes down he is no longer the victim but in the profoundest sense is beyond the reach of those boots? Andrews' defeat is sad and painful, to be sure, but there is not enough human

recoil of self-growth accompanying his defeat to lift it from the level of pathos to that of tragedy.

What remains most impressive about *Three Soldiers* is the skill with which it has been organized. Dos Passos shows in it an ability to control and relate several plot lines without letting one get out of hand to destroy another. The novelist whose method is to accumulate vignettes of distinctive social types, as Dos Passos' is, must be able to subordinate them ruthlessly to some encompassing dramatic conception. And while that dramatic conception in *Three Soldiers* (the fall of Andrews) is not sufficiently overwhelming or sublime to arrange the vignettes into a completed pattern, it does provide a good deal of binding.

*Manhattan Transfer* has little or no binding. This last of Dos Passos' early novels is primarily significant as an attempt to make a locality rather than a group of people its center of representation, but it is an aesthetic chaos because it has no dominant narrative or personage; even one as weak as Andrews in *Three Soldiers*. If one discards his pejorative implications, Paul Elmer More's description of *Manhattan Transfer* as "an explosion in a sewer" is quite accurate. Bits of observation of New York life are juxtaposed to each other, but their relationship is fortuitous rather than organic; no doubt Dos Passos intended that the common fu-



ility of his dim characters should be taken as the novel's unifying thread, but by its end the book simply unravels. Its chaotic structure is the consequence of its having been written out of a serious confusion of attitudes, Dos Passos' native aestheticism seldom jibing with his enlarged social passions. As a specimen of a transitional novel in which all of a writer's problems are concentrated, *Manhattan Transfer* has, however, an uncommon interest.

In these four early novels it is possible to find two contrary urges of feeling, which are worth noting here as being central to Dos Passos' literary career. He has always had a strong urge to the slightly decadent, the just a bit over-ripenly beautiful; his prose could easily slide into purple, as in this passage from *Manhattan Transfer*: "The rim of the sun had risen above the plum-colored band of clouds. . . . In the whitening light tinfoil gulls wheeled above broken boxes, spoiled cabbageheads, orangerrinds heaving slowly between the splintered plank walls, the green spumed under the round bow as the ferry skidding on the tide, gulped the broken water. . . ."

But it should also be noted that, unlike the usual products of the *fin de siècle* writer, this kind of writing is oriented toward the mechanized city, its machine processes and ugly wastes, and seeks a hardness of idiom that would seem to deny—unsuccessfully, I think—its lush antecedents. The purple and the lean; the lush and the tough—these conflicting varieties of prose reflect a divergence between the decadent and the mechanical within Dos Passos' feeling.

On another level but rather similar in total effect is Dos Passos' feeling toward Spain and America. (The comparison is not exact, of course, for while America can serve as a symbol of the mechanical, Spain should not be equated with the decadent. It is possible, however, that some such equation did exist in Dos Passos' mind.) To the young Dos Passos, who wrote glowingly about Spain in his travel book *Rosinante to the Road Again*, Spain suggested the sensuousness, the easy rhythms of simple existence lost to those who live in an industrial civilization. At least until he discovered the New Deal scientist-bureaucratic type in the 1940's, he admired most the Spanish anarchists who believed in "free communities of arti-

sans and farmers and fishermen and cattle breeders who would work for their livelihood with pleasure, because the work was itself enjoyable in the serene white light of a reasonable world." As against Spain, America: the machine world where life is dried up before it begins. But, for all his hatred of America's gadgets and life-dryness, they increasingly absorb Dos Passos and become the dominant force in his work; artiness gives way to sociality, the *I* to the *We* and *They*. As Dos Passos struggles to control his medium, he discovers that for him the inescapable abstraction we call society is more interesting than his own tempered self.

THE inescapable abstraction we call society becomes the center of Dos Passos' major work, *U.S.A.* This trilogy is remarkable far less for the characters that populate it than for the ghosts that haunt it, such abstract and alien ghosts as History, The Past, Europe, The Class Struggle. In various ways, American literature has always been concerned with the relationship of America to Europe, for the history of this country has been written largely in terms of shifts in that relationship; but it is Dos Passos' distinction to have been the first American novelist who rested his work completely on the belief that the once socially fluid America, so often contrasted to a Europe carved into classes, no longer existed. Again and again, *U.S.A.* shows America in the process of social polarization; what the Marxist economist Lewis Corey tried to prove abstractly in his *Decline of American Capitalism*, Dos Passos portrayed concretely in *U.S.A.*

(I have said that Dos Passos was the first novelist to suggest that America could no longer remain exempt from class stratification, but strictly speaking that is of course not true. One of his contemporaries, gifted with deeper insight though less explicit social intelligence, hinted at much the same idea in *The Great Gatsby*, of which the final sentence reads: "So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past." What Fitzgerald intimated in the almost mythic person of Gatsby and what other writers before him had suggested, Dos Passos fully documented in *U.S.A.*)

*U.S.A.* is a novel in which the sense of history has become an absorbed pas-

sion—surely a rarity in American writing. The novel is not without considerable technical skill and manipulative cunning of the sort Dos Passos first showed in *Three Soldiers*, but it is Dos Passos' passionate historical consciousness that is the source of its ultimate value.

Often enough, the writing in *U.S.A.*, especially in the shuffling *Camera Eye* and the purplish biographies, is sentimental and not quite true to its object; Dos Passos' youthful weakness for prose-poetry that is neither prose nor poetry but rather a decadent pseudo-Whitmanesque rumble still corrupts his style.

The characters in *U.S.A.* are dim, transient, unblocked—and in that respect the novel is surely wanting. No one is likely to remember such wan apparitions as Richard Savage or Eveline Hutchins. In a sense, Dos Passos hardly tried to "create characters" at all, certainly not the full, multi-dimensional, idiosyncratic creatures of the nineteenth-century novelists; he was rather interested in sketching typical figures in outline whom one recognizes in much the same way as one can "place" people casually noticed in a restaurant. And even the narrative proper, which now seems better written than any of the tricky adjuncts (the ersatz-Joyce of the *Camera Eye*, the *Newsreel* and the biographies), sometimes reads more like a hasty, harried outline than a realized piece of fiction.

But it is the peculiar triumph of *U.S.A.* that when judged as a totality the weaknesses of its component parts seem inconsequential. The secret of this triumph is, I think, in the novel's pervasive passion, its author's uncontainable feeling rushing through it like a stream of blood. And if it be said that this is hardly a novelistic achievement at all, then it must in justice be added that seldom has the journalist done the novelist's work so well.

If ever a novel has been triumphantly redeemed by its author, it is *U.S.A.* It has been praised as a prime instance of literary "objectivity," the sort of writing in which an author does not intrude into his own book, but this is an opinion difficult to take seriously. For Dos Passos is in every corner and on every page of his novel, filling with his own emotion the vacuum left by his failures of characterization; he has identified himself with a nation in travail, a nation



shocked by its loss of a dream of innocence and destroying itself by its quest for money and its removal from sentient life. The novel is his cross, the cross he bears for the violated nation he loves.

Passion—that is the key word for *U.S.A.* The sense of history and the release of passion—that is the meaning of *U.S.A.* After Dos Passos had worked for months to save Sacco and Vanzetti, he became a nay-sayer; “all right,” he wrote, “we are two nations.” Taken seriously, as Dos Passos did, that is an overwhelming conclusion. And from his unalloyed and supremely generous feeling of rebellion *U.S.A.* draws its life and fire; the rebelliousness drives it, as only inspired novels are driven, binding and lifting and sustaining it. *U.S.A.* is one of the few books at hand in which a writer’s direct feeling comes through despite its quite serious technical deficiencies. When a novel’s form is unable to convey the feeling a writer wishes to put into it, his feeling usually congeals “outside” the actual work of art as a warrant of the writer’s intention for or involvement with his subject matter, but also as a sign that he has failed to realize the intention and objectify the involvement in the novel itself. But in *U.S.A.*, Dos Passos’ pressure is so insistent and powerful that his feeling makes, as it were, a forced entry into the book and becomes its dominant presence. The tricky side shows now merely annoy, the characters limp, the prose sometimes grates—but the book lives.

It is thus not unlike one of its characters, Ben Compton, rebel and iconoclast, a man abandoned by society, by his former comrades, by his conscious self, but still rebellious. A creature of his creator’s conscience, Ben Compton is the only character in the novel loved and grieved over by Dos Passos. In his failure and rebellion, in his hatred of official society and his rupture with its official opponents, Compton becomes the shadow of the book’s meaning and of its author’s intention. In retrospect, it hardly seems an accident that at the novel’s end Ben Compton is also at the end of his rope.

**I**F, then, *U.S.A.* is a forced triumph, what will happen once the force behind that triumph declines, once, that is, Dos Passos’ passion has been dissipated or left impotent?

The answer, not a very pleasant one, can be found in his latest novel, *The Grand Design* (Houghton, Mifflin, \$3.50). *The Grand Design* is the third of a series of novels Dos Passos began in the late thirties after having denounced “the intricate and bloody machinery of Kremlin policy.” Dos Passos then began a long political journey—rejection of Stalinism, abandonment of the anti-Stalinist radicalism at which he had temporarily stopped, and then a rapid shift to the right at the end of which he was defending, together with John Chamberlain and Eugene Lyons, the “free enterprise” status quo.

Now matters of doctrine have been far less important in Dos Passos’ writing than has generally been assumed; what was important in his radicalism was the quality of its feeling rather than his quite negligible attention to Marxist theory. That Dos Passos denounced Russia need not have seriously affected his fiction, but what did change its tone completely was that he soon abandoned the rebellious attitude toward society that had been the major sustenance of his work. During the Spanish Civil War he did express strong sympathies for the Spanish anarchists who were then being squeezed by two totalitarian forces, but in a few years he was to write articles that had precious little in common with the ideas and still less with the spirit of his Spanish friends.

In the meantime, from the gall of disillusionment, he began his new series of novels. In 1939 he published *Adventures of a Young Man*, an extremely bitter story about a middle-class radical who is snared by the Communist Party, forced by a shift in its line to abandon workers he has led in a strike, and is then expelled by it for “deviations.” At the novel’s end, he dies a despairing death in Spain, murdered by his ex-comrades. In 1943 Dos Passos published the second novel in this series, *Number One*, in which an intellectual loses his soul by serving as a political handyman for a hillbilly demagogue.

Following on these two mordant but quite minor novels, *The Grand Design* is intended as a novelistic defense of liberalism, but it is weak as defense and worse as a novel. On a superficial journalistic level, it makes easy reading—it is gossipy, some of its characters are easily recognized (Walker Watson, vain Secretary of Agriculture who wants to be president and dabbles in occultism),

and its portrait of temperamental acedia in Washington’s bureaucratic jungle glibly follows the prevalent American legend. But actually Dos Passos has failed so completely at the novelist’s job that his book seems more like the work of a raw beginner than of an experienced craftsman.

Structurally, *The Grand Design* is a false imitation of Dos Passos’ earlier work. *The Camera Eye* and *The Newsreel* have been blended into prose-poems at the head of each chapter that are either painfully flat or embarrassing in their soft-bellied rhetoric. In the narrative itself, Dos Passos continues the method of *U.S.A.*, a large number of characters casually wandering in and out of its pages. But while the grand architectural design of *U.S.A.*—a design aesthetically appropriate to Dos Passos’ desire to show a whole nation in cross section—required the use of parallel plots, they are simply too heavy and cumbersome for the idea motivating *The Grand Design* or for the series of which it is a part. By arbitrarily retaining the plot design of *U.S.A.*, Dos Passos has given his novel a form that makes too many demands on his no longer very fertile sensibility.

A further serious difficulty in *The Grand Design* is that its “positive” characters, those whom Dos Passos would make the agents of his new opinions, are necessarily passive and weak. The closest thing to a hero in *The Grand Design* is Paul Graves, an apolitical scientist who works for the Department of Agriculture. His job is partly to tour the country helping small farmers (with the help of the usual pliant secretary provided by pliant novelists). Such men as Graves who know their job and do it well, Dos Passos intimates, will save the republic. But will they? When Walker Watson begins his unscrupulous drive for power, Graves refuses to take a stand on the grounds that he is a scientist, not a politician. But are heroes made of such indifferent clay? and is not Dos Passos’ affection for Graves based on anti-intellectualism and the scientist’s so fatal and so American specialization? A character such as Graves may inspire affection but hardly respect or enthusiasm; he certainly cannot serve as an adequate spokesman for liberalism or any other idea, and he is too *soft* to be the central figure of a serious political novel. Great tragedies have been written about men

torn by d  
emotionally

Still mor  
Dos Passos  
His bitterne  
ment has le  
caricatures  
pose. I am  
inism as D  
ferent reaso  
intellectual  
effective to  
of a politic  
sexual who  
for a boy l  
in the inte  
loutish bul  
like the ha  
sinister Le  
of homose  
Party is hi  
know; ne  
Passos. B  
and I agr  
human fre  
whether it  
To “smear  
of homose  
and, in a  
tical sense

Dos Pa  
ears, quo  
that pass  
kinds of p  
ask: wha  
tive ears  
ing chara  
exploring  
author of  
poltroone

It is p  
minating  
doing hi  
his intro  
massima,  
walks th  
“with on

THE RO  
by Leca  
Review

SCIEN  
the  
vocating  
say that  
of unyit  
habitiac



torn by doubt, but not by novelists emotionally prostrated by doubt.

Still more objectionable, however, is Dos Passos' treatment of his "radicals." His bitterness toward the Stalinist movement has led him to manufacture crude caricatures which defeat his own purpose. I am as bitterly opposed to Stalinism as Dos Passos, if for rather different reasons, but it seems to me neither intellectually honest nor aesthetically effective to make the major "radicals" of a political novel a simpering homosexual who feels that "the only hope for a boy like me . . . is to lose himself in the international working class," a loutish bully with "red ears sticking out like the handles of a sugarbowl," and a sinister Lesbian. Whether the incidence of homosexuality in the Communist Party is higher than elsewhere I do not know; neither, I am sure, does Dos Passos. But if, as Dos Passos believes and I agree, Stalinism is a menace to human freedom, that has no relation to whether its supporters are homosexuals. To "smear" the Stalinists with the brush of homosexuality is to write dishonestly and, in a fundamental moral and political sense, to let them off too easily.

Dos Passos' reference to a character's ears, quoted above, is the sort of thing that passes for cleverness in certain kinds of popular journals, but one would ask: what is the relevance of unattractive ears to the novelist's job of portraying character, developing narrative and exploring moral conflicts? To see the author of *U.S.A.* indulge in this sort of poltroonery is simply sickening.

It is possible here to make an illuminating comparison between a novelist doing his job and one evading it. In his introduction to *The Princess Cassamassima*, Henry James writes about his walks through the streets of London "with one's eyes greatly open," imaging

something akin to the situation pictured in that novel. James never had any firsthand experience in the anarchist or any other radical movement, yet his imagination was so deep, so adventurous, so elastic that in *The Princess Cassamassima* he created a radical milieu and such radicals as Poupin, Muniment and Schinkel to whose validity anyone acquainted with politics can testify. Dos Passos, however, who has known both Stalinism and genuine radicalism at first hand, can only produce a soured and surly distortion. Is this simply because James is the greater writer? Hardly. The essential point, the point which gets at the core of the novelist's art, is that James, even though he disliked radicals, allowed—or forced—his imagination to grasp the truth about their experience; to create the illusion of verisimilitude he made the crucial imaginative leap which his social instincts, if left unchecked, would never have tolerated. That is why he created better fictional radicals than have most radical fictionists.

But the final failure of *The Grand Design* stems from Dos Passos' own feeling toward the world and the relationship of his writing to it. The passion which bound *U.S.A.* and lifted it above its limitations is no longer available. Like a great many other contemporary novels, *The Grand Design* is the product, not of controlled or overflowing feeling, but simply of an absence of feeling. Life no longer arouses Dos Passos; he has ceased to react, which in his case means to rebel.

I do not wish to be misunderstood—I am not saying that only social rebels write good novels. Obviously, many good novels have been written by men without a spark of rebellion, while many rebels have written exceedingly bad novels. But for a writer like Dos Passos,

feeling is everything. He does not depend on a lively, buoyant interest in the daily affairs and manners of social life. Dickens, for instance, pegged his novels on social themes, but did not allow them to depend on those themes: Micawber and Fagin outlive the ideas behind the novels in which they appear. Nor is Dos Passos the sort of writer who, like Melville or Conrad, can dig deep into the moral conflicts of human experience; his mind is too empiric, too impatient for that. As with Sherwood Anderson, his work rests completely on the quality of the feeling he can directly put into it. Once, however, Dos Passos' rebellious feeling, which had always buttressed the shaky structure of his novels, was gone, there was nothing to take its place except a dull, somber void. He had been let down; and as he kept writing it became increasingly clear that the recent novels were extracted by the force of will rather than eased by spontaneous imagination.

It is this, I think, which explains the decline in the quality of Dos Passos' writing since *U.S.A.* Most of the reasons usually adduced for the collapse of promising or achieved talents in this country have little relevance to his career. Money never enticed him, his integrity is beyond question. He didn't run out of material after a first autobiographical novel. He was not indifferent to criticism, he did not turn his back on the events of his day, he tried hard to learn from the contemporary masters. No, his failure was his own: he abandoned the life-view native and necessary to him, and once he had decided no longer to say nay he could not, as an honest man, say yea with conviction or power. His career testifies to the truth in Blake's remark that "the tygers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction."

**THE ROAD TO REASON**

by Lecomte du Nouy

Reviewed by Alison J. Smith

SCIENCE has come a long way from the day when Bertrand Russell, advocating scientific materialism, could say that "only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built."

Russell's pessimism is as *de trop* today as the handle-bar mustache.

If science has advanced a furlong toward that teleology which it so recently despised, it is due in no small measure to the late Dr. Pierre Lecomte du Nouy, whose *Human Destiny* was critically acclaimed as a brilliant and striking affirmation of faith only a year ago. The death of the eminent French physicist

and Nobel prize winner a few months ago leaves not only the world of science but all of western culture immeasurably poorer.

It is inevitable that this latest work, *The Road To Reason*, will be compared to *Human Destiny*. It is not quite a fair comparison, for in spite of its later publication *The Road To Reason* was written more than seven years before



*Human Destiny*. Moreover, World War II was still "cold" (or "phony") so that considerable annotation is necessary to keep *The Road to Reason* from appearing outdated, especially in those instances where modern history comes into the picture, as it often does.

Yet *The Road To Reason* is still a powerful argument for purposiveness in the evolution of human life, and a powerful antidote to the materialism of certain modern scientists who have not read the lessons of Hiroshima and Bikini as thoroughly as they should. Unlike *Human Destiny*, it is directed toward the scientists themselves and is therefore a bit tougher going for the average reader than was *Human Destiny*. But it comes out at the same place, and the evidence shows that Du Nouy's thought did not change fundamentally in the seven years that elapsed between the two books. We find the same great affirmations of faith ("In relation to the evolution of the universe, life is not a beginning and death is not an end"), the same self-criticism ("... this same physicist, who is imbued with modesty concerning the things he does know, is full of assurance and pride concerning the things he does not know"), the same insistence on the importance of the human mind as the apex of the evolutionary process ("... pure science is magnificent . . . but the human brain that created it is really what we should admire").

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of what men like Du Nouy, Erwin Schroedinger, Morrison, are saying today, for they are reversing the whole trend of scientific thought for the last three hundred years. In their insistence that evolution is not a process whereby order evolves out of disorder but a process by which order evolves out of Order and moves toward an even higher order, they have set themselves against the physicalism which has dominated science as we have known it. And what they have done in the field of the physical sciences, men like Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University and Dr. Gardner Murphy of the City College of New York are doing in psychology—affirming the reality of the spiritual world. Materialism in the physical sciences and behaviorism in psychology are in process of liquidation today at the hands of the very concepts which they despised and rejected.

Yet, so humble is Du Nouy that in

the final chapter of *The Road To Reason* the defeated foe is offered a partnership in the building of the future:

"Man is more than a combination of appetites, instincts, passions and curiosity. He has had and still has the choice of two different roads. The one is superficially easy since it considers the material world as the only reality. The other requires a rigorous discipline and admits the reality of imponderable spiritual forces. Can we not find a middle road, the Road to Reason, on which both science and religion can meet and work together for the creation of a spiritually and physically perfect man?"

*The Road to Reason* is not *Human Destiny* and the latter will continue to stand alone as the author's *apologia pro vita sua*. But in its own right it deserves a reading, and it subtracts no luster from its writer's reputation.

Longmans, Green, \$3.50

## THE HOLLOW OF THE WAVE

by Edward Newhouse

Reviewed by M. Scott Kenyon

THE plot, characters and setting of the New York Novel, a literary phenomenon of the late forties, are by now familiar to most readers. A group of bright young men and women are adrift in New York, busily engaged in sexual indiscretions, excessive drinking and the practice of intellectual self-delusion. The main character is usually a little more idealistic than his fellows, and he confides to the reader from time to time—the books usually are written in the first person—that he wants to get away from all this and do something honest. Usually there is nothing to prevent him from leaving, nothing except the glamour of the life he professes to hate, boned shoes, and a yearly paycheck large enough to send two or three students to college for four years. He realizes that he will have to relinquish all of these things, but it invariably takes him nearly three hundred pages to take the step. The New York Novels have mainly been good sellers: three that come to mind are *That Winter*, by Merle Miller (*Sloane*); *The Gilded Hearse*, by Charles Gorham (*Creative Age*); and *Nobody's Fool* by Charles Yale Harrison (*Holt*).

The main characters in these novels are either writers, editors or press agents. Mr. Newhouse's new novel

utilizes the same setting, and his people are also in the publishing business. He differs from Messrs. Miller, Gorham and Harrison, however, in that New York and publishing are not of primary importance to his portrayal of character. Any successful figure in fiction is naturally shaped in part by his background, of course, but if he is a fully developed personality he can be transferred, by the reader's imagination, to another, different locale; I am referring here only to what Mr. E. M. Forster has called the "round," or three-dimensional, character.

To go into this at greater length, Mr. Newhouse has created a set of people who might function in Atlanta, Chicago, San Francisco, or possibly even Philadelphia. A big-city setting is necessary to him only because the tempo of his life crystallizes the characters' actions dramatically; the publishing business is necessary only because it enables him to present a situation in a rather attractive way. The people themselves could be glass manufacturers or insurance salesmen, and they would be equally believable in Anaheim, California.

This one fact lifts this novel above the rest of the New York group. This, plus the fact that Mr. Newhouse has adhered to the notion that a work of fiction should, in some measure, reflect the times as they are, not as the author wishes they were. There is a lifelike strength and a lifelike uncertainty about *The Hollow of the Wave*. It begins slowly, conventionally, almost as though the author were telling it to a friend in a restaurant, and it gathers momentum as the situations become more complex. It does not end neatly, with all characters taken care of and all problems resolved: the action seems to wane, the people seem to be drifting at the end. Then, with the very last line, the whole thing snaps into focus with astonishing force.

Mr. Newhouse is concerned with three young men who are working in a reprint publishing house owned by another, very rich, young man. Two of the editors are communists, guided in their policies by a party leader in another firm. The lives of the quartet become frantically confused and entangled, simply because each does not know what to believe, or because he believes implicitly in a system which, in effect, offers him only one thing in which to believe, and, accordingly, no



identity. The two communists win a hollow victory; the other two men go into the peacetime army, rationalizing their move. One wife commits suicide, another marries a man she does not love.

Mr. Newhouse apparently disapproves of the Communist Party, but his book is not categorically anti-communist. He goes deeper than ideologies, for he is concerned with the constant quest for placement, for individuality, which every twentieth-century man and woman experiences. His people are intelligent enough to realize that they are caught in the hollow of a wave of history, and this in itself distinguishes them from the characters in the three books mentioned above.

The principal objection which can be leveled at this book is this: there is not one positive character, not one who has the courage to believe that he and his fellows, through the exercise of integrity and perhaps through a re-examination and relocation of moral values, can aid in building a better society. One has the feeling that Mr. Newhouse himself no longer believes this possible, and offers the plight of his people as an object lesson. Whether or not this is true is unimportant: he has written a mature, thoughtful, enjoyable book, one which is, I think, the logical, final extension of a certain literary form. And he has made it unnecessary for anyone to write any more novels about the New York publishing and public relations world for some time to come.

William Sloane Associates, \$3.50.

**STORM AND ECHO**  
by Frederic Prokosch

Reviewed by Wenzell Brown

EACH of Prokosch's eight published novels has the same central theme—a wild, plunging flight away from some obscurely defined evil. In the past he has used Asia, Europe and America as props against which his protagonist is shown in flight. In his current novel, *Storm and Echo*, Africa is employed in the same way. The principal character, Samuel, is very much like Prokosch's other heroes, though his compulsion to escape has become more frantic and his psychotic symptoms more pronounced.

On the surface, *Storm and Echo* tells the story of a safari starting in Brazza-

ville, Belgian Congo and headed for Mount Nagala, a breast-shaped peak in Central Africa which is regarded with superstitious dread by the natives. Amusingly enough, certain reviewers have given serious consideration to what they regard as Prokosch's expert knowledge of Africa. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Even geographically the journey is an impossibility, and the beautifully putrescent villages, the exotic tribes and the flamboyant scenery, all of which are described in such vivid



J.T.

detail, exist only in the author's mind. Actually this is a journey out of nowhere into nowhere and there is little semblance of reality. Even Samuel's companions are not real men, but fragments of a single personality, representing different facets of a mind shattered by terror, obsessed by death and sex, and torn by self-pity and vague yearnings. Their conversations, always dealing with the abstract and fraught with hysteria, are not credible. Not one of them assumes a character of his own, but it is doubtful if Prokosch intended that they should. He is dealing in symbols, not in personalities.

The book ends when Samuel reaches the crest of Mount Nagala and presumably finds the vague object of his quest. The reader, however, will not be satisfied that Samuel has achieved a lasting respite from his flight but suspects that he will continue it, in another reincarnation, in a future book by Mr. Prokosch.

All of which does not mean that *Storm and Echo* is not a highly engrossing and richly rewarding book. It is all of that. There are passages of such exquisite beauty that they are unparalleled in any modern writing. Its luminous, poetic depth more than compensates for its lack of clarity and confusion of direction. Its symbolism is gaudy, mystic and frequently obscure.

The critical reader will find much that is mawkish, garish, childish and in bad taste. Yet many will agree with a critic writing in the London Times, that Prokosch's "prose style is surpassed by no contemporary and his descriptive powers are superb."

The fact is that Prokosch is a writer of great strength and many weaknesses. The easiest course of criticism is to single out the flaws in his work—and they are many. Excerpts of overembellished, almost hysterical writing can be so selected as to make Prokosch appear ridiculous, and this is what many critics have done. Prokosch's strength lies in his rich poetical prose, in the startling clarity of his descriptions, in the sense of tension which pervades his writing and in his intricately interwoven, brilliantly colored vignettes. His weakness lies in a lack of restraint, an emotionalism that frequently passes over the border line of hysteria, a complete absence of structure in his novels, an immature philosophy and a confusion of the universal and the psychiatric. It is because of these faults that Prokosch has been neglected in this country, and this is a pity, for his talents are remarkable, even though he has so far failed to produce a single truly superior piece of work.

Doubleday, \$3.00

**T. S. ELIOT**

**A STUDY OF HIS WRITINGS  
BY SEVERAL HANDS**

Edited by B. Rajan

Reviewed by Gorham Munson

THE collection of eight papers on T. S. Eliot which B. Rajan, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, has collected is well timed and important. It is timely because the recent award to Eliot of the Nobel Prize for Literature is a recognition that he has become a figure in world literature; this recognition will enlarge the number of his readers, and new readers will be grateful for a guiding hand through the complexity of Eliot's major poems. The collection is important because it is a series of excellent glosses on work that wears a convincing look of permanence.

The critics assembled by B. Rajan—two Americans and six Englishmen—are becomingly modest in what they try to do. For the most part, they are



glossators rather than critics. They assume a high value for Eliot's work, and confine themselves to explaining its content. In doing this, they take the proper safeguards against a substitution of prose meaning for the poetry. Thus, Cleanth Brooks, who gives us "an explicit intellectual account of the various symbols, and a logical account of their relationships" in "The Waste Land" notes that this is only scaffolding whose sole purpose is to enable the reader better to get at the poem. "The Waste Land" is strangely moving to the reader who does not know the full meaning of its symbols, but it is a richer experience after one has mastered the scaffolding and then thrown it away. With just as much detail as Brooks, E. E. Duncan Jones gives a section-by-section commentary on the prose meanings of the penitential "Ash Wednesday."

Two full interpretations—by Helen L. Gardner and B. Rajan—are given of "Four Quartets," which since its publication in 1943 has made a stir as great as did "Ash Wednesday" in 1930 and "The Waste Land" in 1922. Other studies are by Philip Wheelwright who discusses Eliot's philosophical themes, Anne Ridler who discourses on the indebtedness of young poets to Eliot, M. C. Bradbrook who says very well that "the influence of Mr. Eliot as a critic must surely be noted rather in the history of taste than in the history of ideas," and Wolf Mankowitz who contributes a superb elucidation of "Gerontion."

All the contributors are learned and sensitive. The point to stress is that they are sensitive alike to literature and to religion. It will be readily granted that you cannot write intelligently about Eliot's poetry without a developed literary sensibility. But it is now clear that literary sensibility is not enough; one must have a religious sensibility too. This volume shatters "the poetry of drouth" label affixed to Eliot's work in the 1920s. The fact is that it is impossible, as the instance of Edmund Wilson shows, to judge Eliot's intention if one is insensitive to religion. Nor can the anti-religious feel the reach and power of Eliot's irony. Their stock anti-religious responses get in the way of full comprehension.

Why does Eliot's poetry inspire so much commentary, why does it attract so many glossators? Because it is, in Cleanth Brooks's words, an "application

of the principle of complexity." But why is Eliot so devoted to being complex? Because he is a *modern* Christian. Eliot is very much a man of his time, yet he is imbued with an ancient faith. Were he to state his attitude toward the Christian tradition in traditional terminology, he would evoke only stock responses for and against that tradition. To secure a fresh response, he must be complex and unfamiliar. Hence, the need for a book like the one B. Rajan has edited.

Funk & Wagnalls, \$3.00

### THE FALL OF MUSSOLINI

by Benito Mussolini

Edited and with a Preface by

Max Ascoli

Translated from the Italian by

Frances Frenaye

Reviewed by Emil Lengyel

AT five o'clock in the afternoon of July 24, 1943, the Fascist Grand Council of Italy met, and it was at that meeting that Mussolini met his political end. The following afternoon he was summoned to report on the situation to King Victor Emmanuel in his private residence, Villa Ada. After the audience, the King escorted the Duce to the royal courtyard where an ambulance with drawn curtains was awaiting him. In that ambulance Mussolini was taken to the *carabinieri* barracks on the outskirts of Rome.

This was the beginning of the six hundred days of Fascist Italy's agony. Part of this period is described by Mussolini in this book, published originally in an unsigned series of nineteen articles in the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan, starting on June 24, 1944. In the last issue of the series, July 18, Mussolini was revealed as the author.

The masters of northern Italy were then the Germans and they were reluctant to let the world know the details of Mussolini's fall from power. The Nazis blue-penciled Mussolini's own story and when he complained about this humiliating treatment, they appointed the Nazi Ambassador to "Republican" Italy his "adviser" in literature.

Public interest in the series was great, and so was Mussolini's vanity; and the ex-dictator had it re-published in pamphlet form under the title *The Time of the Stick and the Carrot*, and the sub-title:

*History of a Year, October 1942—September 1943*. Finally, the series was published in book form in November of the same year, and became known as *History of a Year*. The Germans refused to have the book mentioned in their press. Mussolini could not find a publisher for the translation, until a Swiss admirer had the book translated into French. The first copies of that version were on their way to the author when he was captured by Italian partisans.

We learn from Mussolini himself how he was shipped by his Italian captors to the island of Ponza in the Tyrrhenian Sea and from there taken to the town of Maddalena in northernmost Sardinia. It was not a safe place because of the proximity of the Germans and from there he was taken to a supposedly safe place, on the rugged top of the Apennine chain—the Gran Sasso, west of Rome. It was there that the daredevil SS man Otto Skorzeny staged his spectacular parachute rescue of the Duce, thus inaugurating the brief career of the Fascist republic.

This is the story of a tired dictator, who inquired anxiously after his fall whether he was going to be taken to his Rocca delle Caminata estate in the Romagna, hoping that his "divina commedia" would have a restful end. The heroic role thrust upon him after his "rescue" by the Germans was nothing but a role. And it is also the story of a bitter ex-Caesar, who foresaw long before the end that he would one day meet his Brutus; on that July day he met a large group of them. In this book he reproduces the servile adulations of Marshal Badoglio and of Dino Grandi, which he seems to have collected throughout the years. The impression he conveys is that of a cantankerous *ci-devant*, deserving of sympathy if he had not forfeited it long before.

*The Fall of Mussolini* is really two books in one: besides Mussolini's own story, the volume contains a seventy-six-page introduction by Max Ascoli. Professor Ascoli gives an excellent description of fascism which he calls "a holiday from the hard drudgery of history—like a carnival that gave to too many people crowded on too poor a land the thrill of a prestige and of a power that are inescapably beyond their means." The translation by Frances Frenaye is readable and clear.

Farrar, Straus, \$3.00

SO few fourth (Random curate to When pul 1,480 cop immediate the review Thompsor Times wa novel rem lection of

There saw the bald wrote Lower De of Benja extraordin said, "He Hollywoo ing huma them desc Cowley, F Wilson a voted a s The Boys 1941]), a to have I well know circle of V believe hi inal write haps, is certainly ca stood, in the writer all four o

I first h in a seco nooga, Te winter of Nathanael half becau on the b time. I ha Hollywood The Last read The times, and



# My Favorite Forgotten Book

BOOKS

RICHARD B. GEHMAN

SO few people knew Nathanael West's fourth novel, *The Day of the Locust*, (Random House) that it is scarcely accurate to call it a "forgotten" novel. When published in 1939 it sold about 1,480 copies, possibly because it was immediately condemned to obscurity by the reviewers in the daily press. Ralph Thompson's comment in the *New York Times* was typical: "... his novel as a novel remains hardly more than a collection of notes on cheap humbugs."

There were, nevertheless, those who saw the book's worth. F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote that it "puts Gorky's *The Lower Depths* in a class with *The Tale of Benjamin Bunny*." It has scenes of extraordinary power." Erskine Caldwell said, "How can anybody believe that Hollywood is inhabited by living, breathing human beings until he has seen them described in this book?" Malcolm Cowley, Robert M. Coates and Edmund Wilson also praised it (the latter devoted a section to West's work in his *The Boys in the Back Room* [Colt Press, 1941]), and today their judgment seems to have been vindicated: the book is well known to a small but ever widening circle of West's admirers, many of whom believe him to be one of the most original writers of this century. That, perhaps, is open to question, but one certainly cannot dispute the fact that he stood, in sheer talent, far above most of the writers of the thirties, during which all four of his books appeared.

I first bought *The Day of the Locust* in a secondhand bookstore in Chattanooga, Tennessee, one weekend in the winter of 1944. I had never heard of Nathanael West, and I bought the book half because I wanted something to read on the bus and half because, at the time, I had never read anything about Hollywood but Fitzgerald's unfinished *The Last Tycoon*. Since then, I have read *The Day of the Locust* six or seven times, and each time I have found a

little more in it; each time my original impression has been strengthened. It is not simply a book about queer, cheap humbugs; it is a savagely comic book about the American people, written with pity and perception. It is the work of a man who, had he lived, ultimately might have become a major American writer.

I tried to find out more about West, but all I could find at the time was a brief note about him in *Twentieth Century Authors*, and the afore-mentioned passage by Mr. Wilson. After the war, when I returned to New York, I managed to meet some people who had known him. Out of correspondence and conversations with them I constructed this brief biographical note:

Nathanael West was born Nathan von Wallenstein-Weinstein in New York City on October 17, 1903, the son of Anuta and Max Weinstein, the latter a building contractor. He attended public schools and later went to DeWitt Clinton High. After a year at Tufts he entered Brown University, where he became acquainted with a group of young literary aspirants, three members of which were I. J. Kapstein, Quentin Reynolds, and S. J. Perelman (who later married Laura West, a younger sister). At Brown, his literary achievements were limited to some satirical verse in *Casements*, a school magazine.

He left the university in 1924, loafed for a summer, then went to Paris, where he fell happily into the Bohemia which was later pictured in Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*. Despite the parties, the short-lived little reviews, the sidewalk cafés, the steady stream of pretty girls from the American Midwest and other diversions, he completed most of his first novel, *The Dream Life of Balso Snell*. Along with some of the early work of Mr. Coates and Matthew Josephson, it was rather imitative of the "official" school of French surrealists

and Dadaists who were flourishing then. West was fascinated by the paintings of Max Ernst and others of the new school of decadence, and their strong influence is apparent in his later work—particularly in his use of color details and in his unusual preoccupation with the grotesque. *Balso* was published by Moss and Kamin in 1931, in a paperbacked limited edition of 500 copies. Most of its action takes place in the bowels and intestines of the Trojan Horse, which the protagonist finds populated solely by unsuccessful writers and poets. "It was written as a protest against writing books," West jokingly told a reporter after its publication.

Upon returning from Paris in 1927, he took a job as a hotel manager and began writing *Miss Lonelyhearts*, the book for which he is best known (this is the only one of the four novels which is still in print: *New Directions*, \$1.50). When it was published, the notices were extravagant, but soon after it appeared, the publisher, Liveright, went into bankruptcy, and all copies were frozen. By the time a Harcourt, Brace edition had appeared, the furor had died down.

*Miss Lonelyhearts* is the story of a newspaperman who runs an advice-to-the-lovelorn column, and is obsessed by the plight of the desperate, sick, disillusioned people who beg his advice. It is pitched on a note of tragedy that is never distorted by some of its wildly comic scenes. James T. Farrell recalls that West once told him that, in the writing, he had attempted to apply some of the principles of William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*.

His next book, *A Cool Million*, was one of the first novels to focus public attention on the imminent danger of an American fascist movement. West conceived this story of Lemuel Pitlin, the boy who tries to save his mother's farm, as a sort of Horatio Alger success fable in reverse. He even wrote in the manner of the master, having first re-read every volume of Alger he could find. The book is also a kind of parody of *Candide*; it tells how Lemuel loses his teeth, his scalp and most of his limbs at the hands of the capitalists and the bolsheviks—and winds up a national martyr. It was not a commercial success.

Unable to make a living from his novels, West went to Hollywood to work on "B" pictures, graduating later to "A's." He spent a large part of the remainder of his life there, for reasons

which he outlined in 1939 in a letter to Edmund Wilson: "I once tried to work seriously at my craft but was absolutely unable to make even the beginning of a living. At the end of three years and two books I had made a total of \$780 gross . . . I haven't given up, however . . . I have a new book blocked out and have managed to save a little money so that about Christmas time I think I may be able to knock off again and make another attempt. It is for this reason that I am grateful rather than angry at the nice deep mud-lined rut in which I find myself . . . the pay is large (it isn't as large as people think, however) enough for me to have at least three or four months off every year. . . ."

*The Day of the Locust* was completed between studio assignments. Soon afterward, West met Eileen McKenney (who will be remembered as the heroine of *My Sister Eileen*, by Ruth McKenney, the book which later achieved wide popularity as a play and a motion picture). They were married in April, 1940, and went on a three-month trip to the Oregon woods, where West blocked out plans for a fifth novel. Late in December of that year, he and his wife went to Mexico on a hunting trip. On the 22nd, as they were driving back, their station wagon collided with an automobile at a crossroads near El Centro, California. Eileen was killed instantly. West died a few minutes later on the way to the hospital.

West based the original idea for *The Day of the Locust* on the true story of a California soldier of fortune who was implicated in a murder case, and, with this man as a model, had created a character of his own, a renegade who proposed to get rich by taking parties of sensation-starved people on private cruises. As originally conceived, the book was to tell of the adventures of a strange assortment of people who went on one of these trips: a family of Eskimos, a child actor and his mother, a dwarf bookie, a number of cowboy extras, a seven-foot Lesbian who had to shave every day, and a screen writer who kept a life-sized rubber figure of a horse at the bottom of his swimming pool. As West's thinking progressed he apparently lost interest in the impresario and pulled him out, but retained most of the other characters. When first submitted to a publisher, the story was told in the first person by Claude Estee, the screen writer. Upon the advice of his

editors, West made changes so that the book finally was presented in the third person, largely from the viewpoint of Tod Hackett, a young cartoon-studio artist. The story is radically changed: it concerns a group of people in the film colony whose dreams and desires lead them inevitably to violence and self-destruction.

From beginning to end, the book is like a frighteningly comic dream. In the opening scene Tod hears a great din outside his office, and sees a company of English, Scotch and French soldiers. As he watches, a little man with a megaphone chases them to Stage Nine, and they disappear behind a Mississippi steamboat. Later, on Vine Street, he encounters a fat woman in a yachting cap who is going shopping rather than boating, a man in a Tyrolese hat and a Norfolk jacket returning from an insurance office rather than the mountains, and a girl in slacks and sneakers, fresh not from a tennis court but from a switchboard.

All Hollywood is as odd and incongruous as this, West says: "Not even the soft wash of dusk could help the houses. Only dynamite would be of any use against the Mexican ranch houses, Samoan huts, Mediterranean villas, Egyptian and Japanese temples, Swiss chalets, Tudor cottages, and every possible combination of these styles that lined the slopes of the canyon."

The houses are furnished in the same curious manner, with lamps like galileons, spool beds made of iron painted to look like wood, bureaus painted to look like unpainted pine, couches with monks for legs, and cactus plants made of rubber and cork.

At one point, West calls his people "masqueraders." This may be a key to the whole book: that life is a tragic masquerade, a pitiful comic opera. None of

his characters are "normal," but all are pretending desperately that they are, or that they are differently made. One loves to believe, for instance, that he has a round, jovial belly like a southern Colonel: actually, he is "a dried-up little man with the rubbed features and stooped shoulders of a postal clerk." A dwarf fancies himself a lover; a third-rate vaudevillian fancies himself a great clown; a thin, ungainly girl wants to become a movie queen; even the houses try to disguise themselves. "It is hard to laugh at the need for beauty and romance, no matter how tasteless, even horrible, the results of that need are. But it is easy to sigh. Few things are sadder than the truly monstrous."

On yet another level, West seems to be saying that Hollywood is the synthesis of modern materialistic civilization. Most of his people apparently have lost sight of the spiritual needs of man: they are compromising, turning emotional somersaults, behaving "stylishly" in a mad effort to keep pace with a society which seems to be developing beyond their reach. Some have lost the power to understand, much less to keep pace: they stand and stare at the others, and finally, propelled by desires about which they know nothing, they are driven into violence. Here is an analogy to nations caught in a world without morality.

Nathanael West's work was published at a time when most of his contemporaries were writing "social" novels of transitory importance. Although it was virtually ignored when it first appeared, its reputation has grown steadily. He was not simply a reporter; he was a keen observer and a sharp, witty commentator on human behavior. His book will be read for years to come, and will undoubtedly outlive the works of most of his more successful contemporaries.

## REVIEWS IN BRIEF

SCOTT-KING'S MODERN EUROPE, by EVELYN WAUGH (*Little, Brown*, \$2.00). Evelyn Waugh's latest horror story concerns an English classics teacher and his adventures in Neutralia, an Iron Curtain protectorate. Scott-King, an intellectual, a scholar, almost a poet, is invited by the Neutralian government to take part in the tercentenary celebration of the death of Bellorius, an

obscure Neutralian poet. The classics master, in the company of Whitemaid, a Roman history expert, Miss Bombaum, a lady journalist, and a Norwegian female physical culturist, is plunged into the nightmare of "modern Europe" behind the Iron Curtain. In a series of swiftly narrated events, Scott-King is introduced to all the evils of Neutralia: intra-party feuds, red tape, police state



fear, hunger, inflation and general totalitarian bumbling. His "summer holiday," as Waugh describes his adventures, is climaxed when he is made the butt of a propaganda display, and then, since the celebration is over so far as the government is concerned, stranded in the country. With the help of Dr. Antonic, an intellectual who cannot help himself, and Miss Bombaum, Scott-King fortunately escapes from Neutralia, only to land in Palestine. All this Waugh manages to convey in a didactic eighty-nine pages, somewhat after the manner of *Candide*. Waugh's old satiric bite is lacking; the subject matter is far from funny, the characterizations and plot shallow, and the humor forced. At one point, Whitemaid, the Roman history expert, says: "Frankly, I am not in good heart for this kind of thing." The reader is quite likely to agree.

**AN AMERICAN ENGINEER IN AFGHANISTAN.** From the letters and notes of A. C. JEWETT, edited by MARJORIE JEWETT BELL (*University of Minnesota Press*, \$5.00). A. C. Jewett entered Afghanistan in 1911 with an escort for his safe transportation to Kabul, the capital, where he was the first American permitted to live in years. He came for a year, but stayed for eight years, employed by the Amir of Afghanistan to install a hydroelectric plant. The first entry of this book, based upon his correspondence, is dated May 31, 1911, and the last entry is December 27, 1918. Marjorie Jewett Bell, a niece, tells us that Mr. Jewett had been a pioneer in electric work who installed the first electric street railway in San Francisco. Subsequently, he worked in Kashmir and southern India. From Afghanistan he went to the South Seas, settling on the island of Papeete, "in the last house on the street that fronts the Ocean," and there he died from a sunstroke early in 1926. The book is excellent reading, full of vivid descriptions of a strange country and its people. The descriptions are not dated, even though Afghanistan recently launched a half-a-billion-dollar program to build industries and public works. Apart from this, the country today must be pretty much what it was in Mr. Jewett's time.

**THE BUSY, BUSY PEOPLE,** by SAMUEL SPEWACK (*Houghton-Mifflin*, \$3.00). Mr. Spewack who, with his wife, Bella, wrote the very funny Holly-

wood satire, *Boy Meets Girl*, considers here the not very funny business of American-Russian relations. The pattern of his energetic novel—in which a can of peaches provokes what almost amounts to an "international incident"—is meant for satire; but his treatment, while it is bitter enough, never achieves the detached sharpness of satire. Originally, an American undersecretary steals the peaches from an embassy storeroom as a gift for a Russian, and before ending up back at the embassy, it changes hands many times. Accompanying the political confusion is a love story involving an American undersecretary and a Russian girl who conveniently possesses an American passport. This allows for an ending which is not very convincing but definitely happy. Mr. Spewack clearly is neither pro- nor anti-Russian. He writes with equal irritation about the Moscow citizenry and the American government's missionaries to the Kremlin. Both groups are depicted as unattractive, bumbling, and unscrupulous. The story makes lively and easy reading but is hardly a significant contribution to better international understanding.

**AMERICAN ME** by BEATRICE GRIFFITHS, (*Houghton Mifflin*, \$3.50). This is a collection of well-written stories about another of our minority groups—the Mexican-Americans of Los Angeles. These stories were told as personal experiences to Miss Griffiths, and in recording them, she has retained the rich flavor of the original idiom. We see here the crippling sense of inferiority that gives rise to the aggressive flashiness of the zoot-suiter—the "Pachuco"—and the insecurity that leads to gang loyalty. The riots of 1943, when intolerance toward the Mexicans flared into mob brutality, are described in detail. Each story is followed by a well-documented chapter on some facet of Mexican-American life: The Church, juvenile delinquency, the indifference of civic and education authorities to the problems of these native-born "aliens" and the ever-present poverty. There is no happy solution at the end of the book, but there is hope for the future, for the "Pachucos" are learning to think of themselves as Americans and are slowly being accepted as part of our varied culture. *American Me* is an important contribution to the literature on our social life and heritage.

## HANDY WAY TO SUBSCRIBE

Tomorrow Magazine  
11 East 44th St.,  
New York 17, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription for

1 yr. \$3.50     2 yrs. \$6.00

3 yrs. \$8.50

Remittance Enclosed

Bill Me

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

3-9

## LINGUAPHONE



is your *Passport*  
to the World

In your own home, alone or in a group, you can now learn to speak

SPANISH • PORTUGUESE  
FRENCH • RUSSIAN  
ITALIAN • GERMAN

or any of 23 other languages by the world-famous

## LINGUAPHONE Conversational METHOD

You learn the new language by listening to voices of native teachers. It is amazingly simple; thousands have succeeded. Educators hail Linguaphone as a notable advance in simplifying the mastery of languages. That is why so many Linguaphone Sets are used in schools, colleges, universities, as an aid to fluent speaking.

Available to Veterans under  
**G I BILL OF RIGHTS**

SEND FOR FREE BOOK  
**LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE**  
75 RCA BUILDING, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

**LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE**  
75 RCA Bldg., New York 20, N. Y.  
Send me the FREE Linguaphone Book.  
I am , am not  a World War II Veteran  
I want to learn.....language.  
Name .....

Address..... City.....

## TOMORROW CORRESPONDENCE

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

It was good to see an article on Edward FitzGerald and the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." [TOMORROW, January 1949]. For one who has been a life-long friend of the "Rubáiyát," and has never seen much information on the translator, I was deeply gratified. However, I would like to take issue with Peter de Polnay. What makes him think the "Rubáiyát" isn't read so much today? And where does he get the idea, by implication, that its lack of a current audience is due to the present-day trend toward Christianity? In the first place, every literate schoolboy I grew up with (not too many years ago) fell in love with the "Rubáiyát" at first sight and embraced its philosophy. When these same schoolboys went to college, they studied the quatrains more carefully and came away with the impression that it not only is a fine piece of poetry, but that its message is still important. All of us went away to war, and even if we aren't representative of all the veterans, still, we believe Omar's philosophy is every bit as valid as the Christian doctrine, which leaves much to be desired.

CLAUS L. TUCKER

Portland, Maine

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

I find something very unsatisfactory in the tone of the article, "European Music: Then and Now," by H. W. Heinsheimer, which appeared in your January issue. Mr. Heinsheimer finds the state of contemporary European music, indeed of all contemporary European culture, sad and unfruitful. He laments this fact extensively; at the same time he finds it as surprising as it is disappointing. Why? Why shouldn't the condition of art in present-day Europe be still teetering on the chaotic? All of the European countries mentioned by Mr. Heinsheimer have been (and in a period easily within recall) involved in the most complete, the most devastating war in all their war-torn history. And yet, one suspects that the status of European music is not as lamentable as Mr. Heinsheimer suggests. His whole article gives rise to the uncomfortable suspicion that this is the analysis of the representative of one of America's largest publishing houses, hindered by the blind spot of business potential, not a serious judge of the true worth of Europe's musical output. The "sterile experimentation," could possibly have irritated Mr. Heinsheimer because, to him, sterility is synonymous with "unmarketable."

So all the musicians he met want to come

to America—so what? Everyone wants to come to America today. And has Mr. Heinsheimer been quite fair to them? Has he prepared them for the real conditions facing American musicians today? He paints a very pretty picture of the United States as the composer's Shangri-La. But if his analysis of the situation in Europe is unfair, his analysis of the situation in America is non-existent or, at best, based on the vaguest of vague allusions. So there's the Hollywood Bowl and the Juilliard School. Does Mr. Heinsheimer mean to suggest that today or yesterday, in relation to population and geographic area, there are not more—and many more—theatres, concert halls and auditoriums in the Europe he visited than there are in America? And would he dare compare the consistent quality of the programs and repertory of the European institutes of culture and their American counterpart? In the Europe I visited before the war, culture was an integral part of the lives of the populace, not a thing to be apologized for and "sold." And if, for some time, Europe does nothing more than regain its own prewar status, it will far surpass what America has now or is likely to gain in another generation.

Finally, while Mr. Heinsheimer extolled the virtues of "brilliant men who worked without government aid, supported only by the confidence in their own genius . . ." he carefully neglected any suggestion of how many more "brilliant men" there might be and how much more "tremendous" the "play of cultural forces at work" if the government would unbend and recognize its responsibility to the serious artists in America and their work. On this level alone Europe long ago far outstepped us.

STANLEY S. GONZALEZ

Havana, Cuba

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

Charles Abrams' article, "Housing: The Ever-Recurring Crisis" [TOMORROW, January 1949] is a fine and intelligent analysis of our present housing problem and I salute him for a good piece of work. One point that Mr. Abrams did not bring up, and for that matter, few authorities on housing ever do mention, is the absolute dreariness of many of our present-day housing projects. Wherever I have traveled in this country, I've been absolutely appalled by the standardized dormitory-like low-cost housing units, where the units are single homes, and by the desert of red brick that seems to characterize the apartment house units. Why? Can't our architects use some

imagination? Can't the landscape gardeners show a little more sense in planning their vegetation to make it look more like natural growth? Everything about housing today seems so clinical, so hygienic—merely a transference from the architect's board to reality, without any consideration for the use of variety, light, blending with environment, etc.

Please: Let's see an article in TOMORROW taking the housing planners to task. They need it.

DUNCAN WOODS

Richmond, Virginia

TO THE EDITORS OF TOMORROW:

Howard Mumford Jones is typical of that by now vast body of serious, worried critics who hop into print every week or so and fire away at the current (or in Jones' case, the Truman Age) writers and their pitiful inability to measure up to the great writers of the past. Mr. Jones accuses the present-day writers of "indifferentism," of "fascination with one's private psyche" (in the case of contemporary poetry) and avoiding public responsibility, in not coming to grips with public questions. In the same issue [January 1949] you print the confessions of a free-lance writer, the gist of which is that writing for money is a hazardous and unreliable profession, but that if one is talented, patient, and fortunate, one can succeed.

While I believe that both Messrs. Jones and Kenyon are seriously concerned for their profession, I wonder if this whole business of writing hasn't been overdone. The serious writer, the one who has something to say, will get his work done, will illuminate life as he sees it, with little public breast-beating as to his problems of writing, his dealings with editors and agents, his repeated rejection slips. And if he's serious enough, if he's concerned with liberal values, his writing will deal with the very aspects which will further the liberal cause, which Mr. Jones feels desperately needs help. When one thinks of the really great writers of the past—Melville, Dostoevski, Tolstoi, Flaubert—one remembers that they went ahead with their writing because they believed in what they were doing, because they had something to say, and usually said it effectively and dramatically. If the writers of today had a little more faith in themselves as *writers*, they'd probably get more accomplished, and that better than what has shown up since the war.

PHILIP LINNET

Santa Fe, New Mexico

FRE  
7  
Wh  
lear  
chil  
ing  
rhyt  
exci  
way  
PAR  
wal  
ing  
NEV  
recc  
ASS  
-1  
liste  
tron  
SAN  
high  
inte  
FIRS  
CRIT  
flue  
Ev  
new,  
cially  
and  
scho  
and  
intro  
stori  
strun  
outst  
encha  
vide:  
music  
Evi  
dance  
the th  
it mu  
"over  
in any  
Eve  
unbre  
even t  
witho  
lightft  
plete )  
Parent  
P  
FRI  
Help y  
good r  
We wi  
record



To Thoughtful Parents of Creative Children... Ages 2-6, 7-11  
The Young People's Record Club Offers

# Absolutely Free



## ONE OF THESE ENCHANTING UNBREAKABLE RECORDS

ARE you one of those thoughtful parents who realizes that a love for music is as natural in little children as their love for play? If so, we offer your child a Young People's Record *absolutely free!* You are not required to pay for the record nor return it. We make this offer to introduce you to an exciting new way to teach your child to enjoy and understand good music. A plan which regularly brings to your home music created with a sincere understanding of children

... music to play to ... music to listen to ... music to sing and dance to ... and, most important, music your child can *grow with!*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RECORD CLUB was organized by educators and musicians who understand children as well as music. For the first time, they have created a program which provides children aged 2-to-6 and 7-to-11 with an intelligent and enjoyable approach to the appreciation of good music.

## Help Your Child Grow Musically

**FREE for Children 2 to 6**  
**THE WALTZING ELEPHANT**

While the elephant learns to dance your child will also be learning basic musical rhythms in the most exciting and enjoyable way imaginable!

**FREE for Children 7 to 11**  
**THE CONCERTINA THAT CROSSED THE COUNTRY**

How excited your youngster will be, crossing the plains with four musical adventurers during the famous California Gold Rush.

### THE CRITICS APPLAUD:

**PARENTS' MAGAZINE**—"Many of us have been waiting a long time for such an understanding of children."

**NEW YORK TIMES**—"The best in children's records."

**ASSOCIATION FOR CHILDHOOD EDUCATION**—Recommended as they offer meaningful listening, creative thought, active participation, pure joy."

**SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE**—"These are tonight's superior productions done with great intelligence, skill and simplicity."

**FIRST PRIZE IN THE 1948 ANNUAL RECORD CRITICS AWARDS**—"... a major cultural influence."



### A DELIGHTFUL NEW RECORD EVERY MONTH!

Every month Club members receive a new, exclusive, unbreakable record, especially created for their own age level ... and pre-tested in classrooms and nursery schools. From the very first stages of rhythm and play activity, your child is gradually introduced to delightful and meaningful stories, children's songs, orchestral and instrumental selections. Folk lore, music of outstanding American composers and the enchanting treasures of other lands provide an ever-expanding series of delightful musical experiences.

Every record invites your child to sing, dance or play in happy participation with the theme of the music or story. Above all, it must entertain your child, must not be over his head or difficult to respond to in any way.

Every record is superbly recorded on unbreakable 10-inch plastic, permitting even the youngest members to handle them without supervision. Record jackets, delightfully illustrated in color, contain complete lyrics and descriptive notes useful to parents and children alike.

### PLEASE ACCEPT ONE OF THESE FREE RECORDS FOR YOUR CHILD

Give your child to a lifetime enjoyment of good music—simply mail the coupon now. We will promptly send your child the gift record you select, plus a copy of the Club

magazine "Record Time," absolutely free. At the same time we will reserve a membership for your child. If your child is not delighted with the record, simply send us a postcard within 10 days cancelling the reservation. Otherwise, as a Club member, your child will receive a new, unbreakable record every month, and we will bill you monthly for only \$1.39 plus 6c postage. Whatever your decision the gift record is your child's to keep — ABSOLUTELY FREE. Give your child the music he needs and deserves by sending the coupon NOW!



### EVERY RECORD PREPARED BY THIS EMINENT BOARD

**DOUGLAS S. MOORE** . . . Noted Composer, Head of Dept. of Music, Columbia U.

**DR. HOWARD HANSON** . . . Outstanding American composer and conductor, Director, Eastman School of Music.

**DR. RANDOLPH SMITH** . . . Educator and Psychologist, Director, Little Red School House and Elizabeth Irwin High School.

**GENEVIEVE TAGGARD** . . . Noted American poet.

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S RECORD CLUB, Inc.**  
Dept. 3T, 40 W. 46th St., New York 19

The Waltzing Elephant  
 The Concertina That Crossed The Country

Please send the Free Record checked above, and reserve a membership in the Club for the child whose name I have indicated. Unless I cancel the reservation within 10 days after receipt of the free record you may send the child a Young People's Record every month and bill me monthly for only \$1.39 plus 6c postage. In any case, the Gift Record is ABSOLUTELY FREE.

NOTE: If you prefer to remit in advance place X in square at left and enclose only \$15.00 with the coupon. For this courtesy on your part we will send an extra GIFT record of the delightful Haydn Toy Symphony plus the FREE record checked above, with the first month's selection, and a new record every month for 11 additional months. (14 records in all for only \$15.00.) If not delighted after receiving these first three records you may cancel within 10 days and your \$15.00 will be refunded. In any event the Free record is yours to keep.

Child's Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Age..... Date of Birth.....

My Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

IN CANADA: YPRC of CANADA LTD., 46 ELGIN ST., OTTAWA, ONTARIO



You are invited to begin your membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club

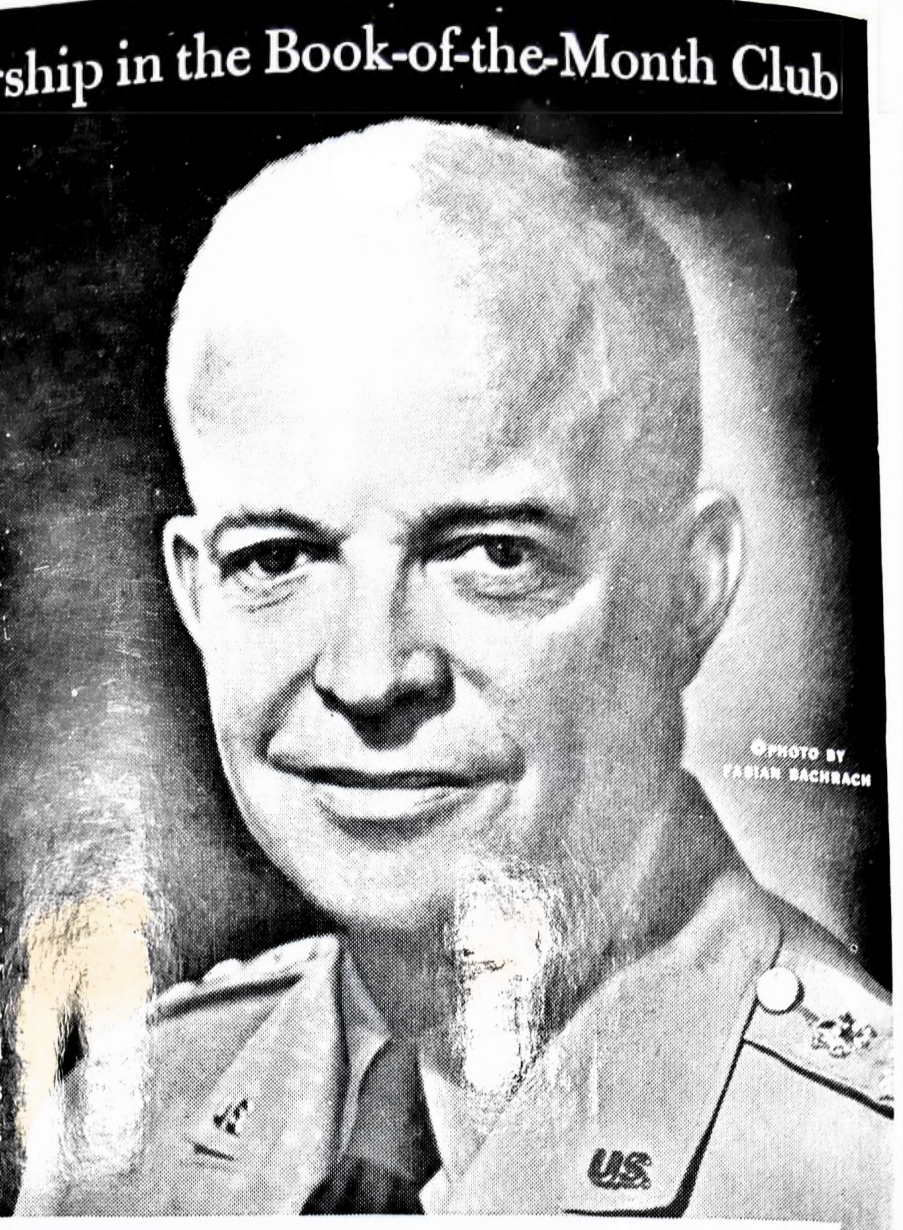
with the December Selection

# Crusade in Europe

BY GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

Price (to Club members only) \$3.75

General "Ike's" own report to his countrymen and to history, notable for its unassuming candor and the warm and rich personality of the author, "without a trace of vanity which is epic." You find yourself reliving the years in all their intensity, and at the same time can now see the whole vast picture, as the events unroll, of this great period which we have all lived through.



ALL SUITABLE FOR FRAMING  
SIZE 9" x 12"



AS AN EXAMPLE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF MEMBERSHIP . . . YOU WILL RECEIVE  
*Free* . . . if you join now and buy as few as four selections a year

## 100 PRINTS IN *Full Color* OF THE WORLD'S GREAT PAINTINGS

*including portfolios!*

As a member, you select from among the Club's selections — often **PAY LESS**, as in this case — and also share in the Club's book-dividends which totalled over \$30,000,000 in the past two years

**YOU** do not pay any yearly subscription fee as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You simply pay for the particular books you decide to take.* You may take as few as four selections in any twelve-month period. The Club's five judges are sure to choose *at least* four books each year you will be anxious not to miss reading, and which *you would buy anyway* whether you are a member of the Club or not.

You receive a careful pre-publication report about each Book-of-the-Month, and at the same time reports about all other important new books. If you decide you want the Book-of-the-Month, you need do nothing; it will come to you on a regular shipping date. If you don't want it, you may either specify any other book you want, or simply write, "Send me nothing next month."

The amount you pay for the Book-of-the-Month is the regular retail

price set by the publisher in each case, frequently less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and other mailing expenses.) *Yet with every second selection you take after your first purchase, you receive — free — one of the Club's book-dividends.* These are beautiful library volumes, sometimes two-or-three volume sets. As an average, members get about twice as much in retail value for the money they spend than they otherwise would.

Since the books you take from the Club *are only those you would buy anyway*, the saving is extraordinary. Hundreds of thousands of book-reading families now use this sensible service, to keep themselves from missing the particular new books they want to read.

We suggest you try it for a short time, and see how it works. You may begin your subscription by ordering any book listed in the coupon.

—OR YOU MAY BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY ONE OF THE OTHER GOOD BOOKS LISTED IN THE COUPON

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A1323  
385 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.\* I am to receive, free, THE PORTFOLIO OF 100 FULL COLOR MASTERPIECES with the purchase of my first book indicated below, and thereafter for every two monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—from the Club each full year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription any time after buying four such books from the Club.

**AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:**

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> CRUSADE IN EUROPE<br>by General Eisenhower<br>Price (to members only) \$3.75             | <input type="checkbox"/> THE GATHERING STORM<br>by Winston Churchill<br>Price (to members only) \$4.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CATALINA<br>by W. Somerset Maugham<br>(\$3.00)   | <input type="checkbox"/> THE RUNNING OF THE TIDE<br>by Esther Forbes<br>Price (to members only) \$3.25 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TOMORROW WILL BE BETTER<br>by Betty Smith, author of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" (\$3.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> THE HEART OF THE MATTER<br>by Graham Greene (\$3.00)                          |

Name..... (Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. .... State.....  
(if any)

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

\*Trade Mark of the Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.